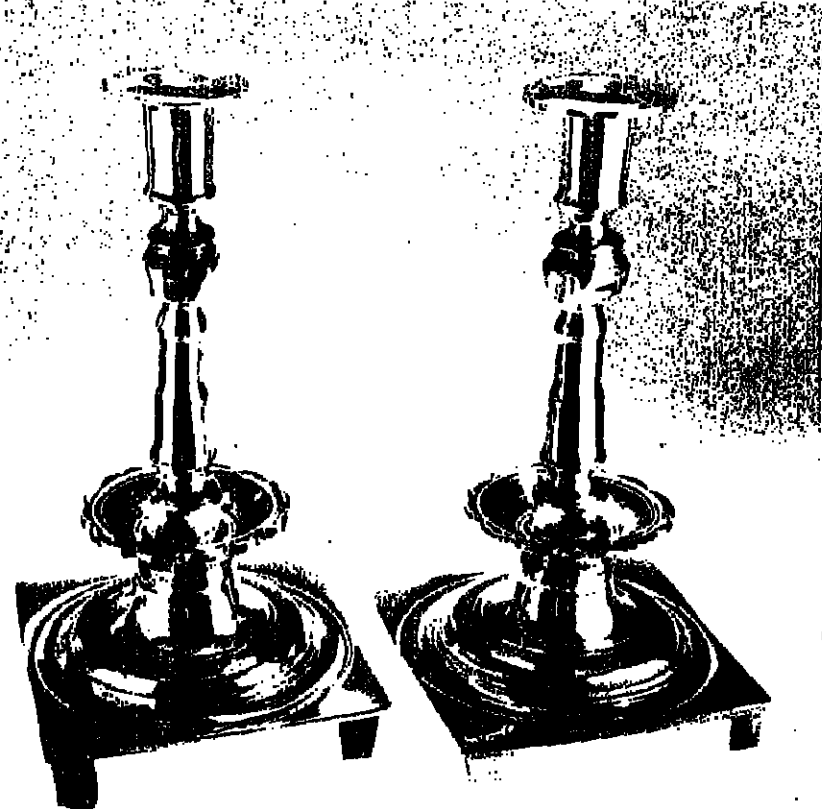


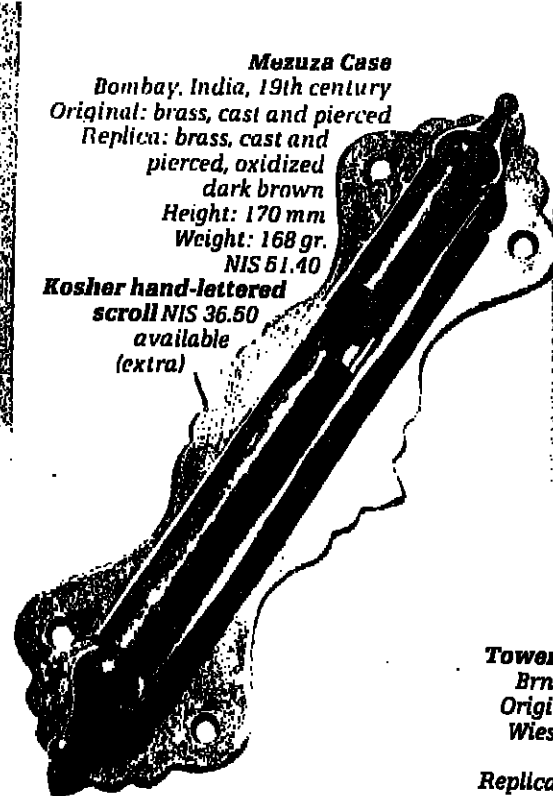
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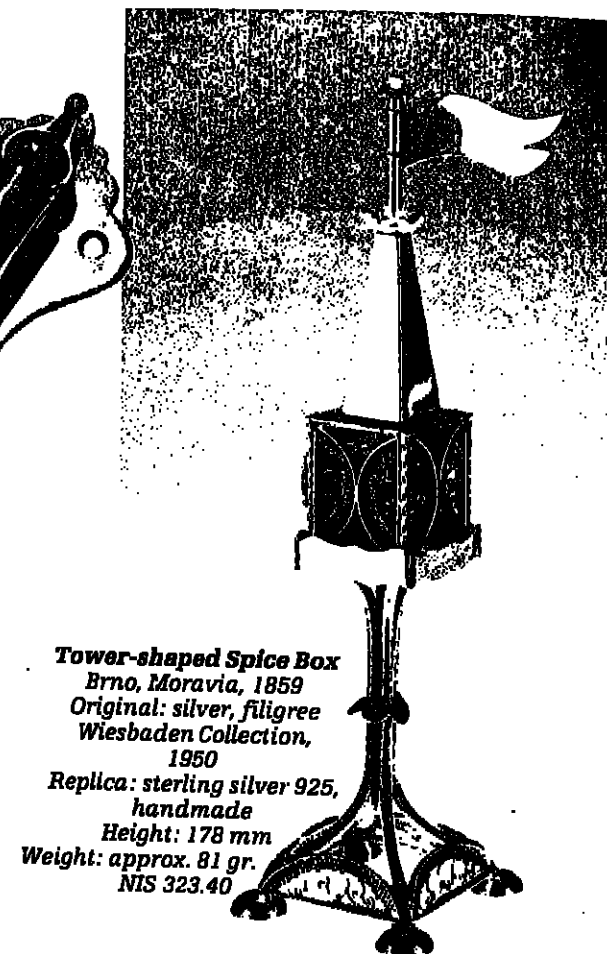
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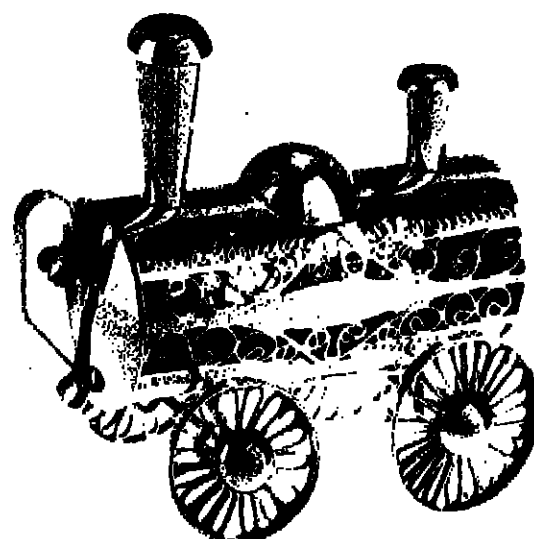


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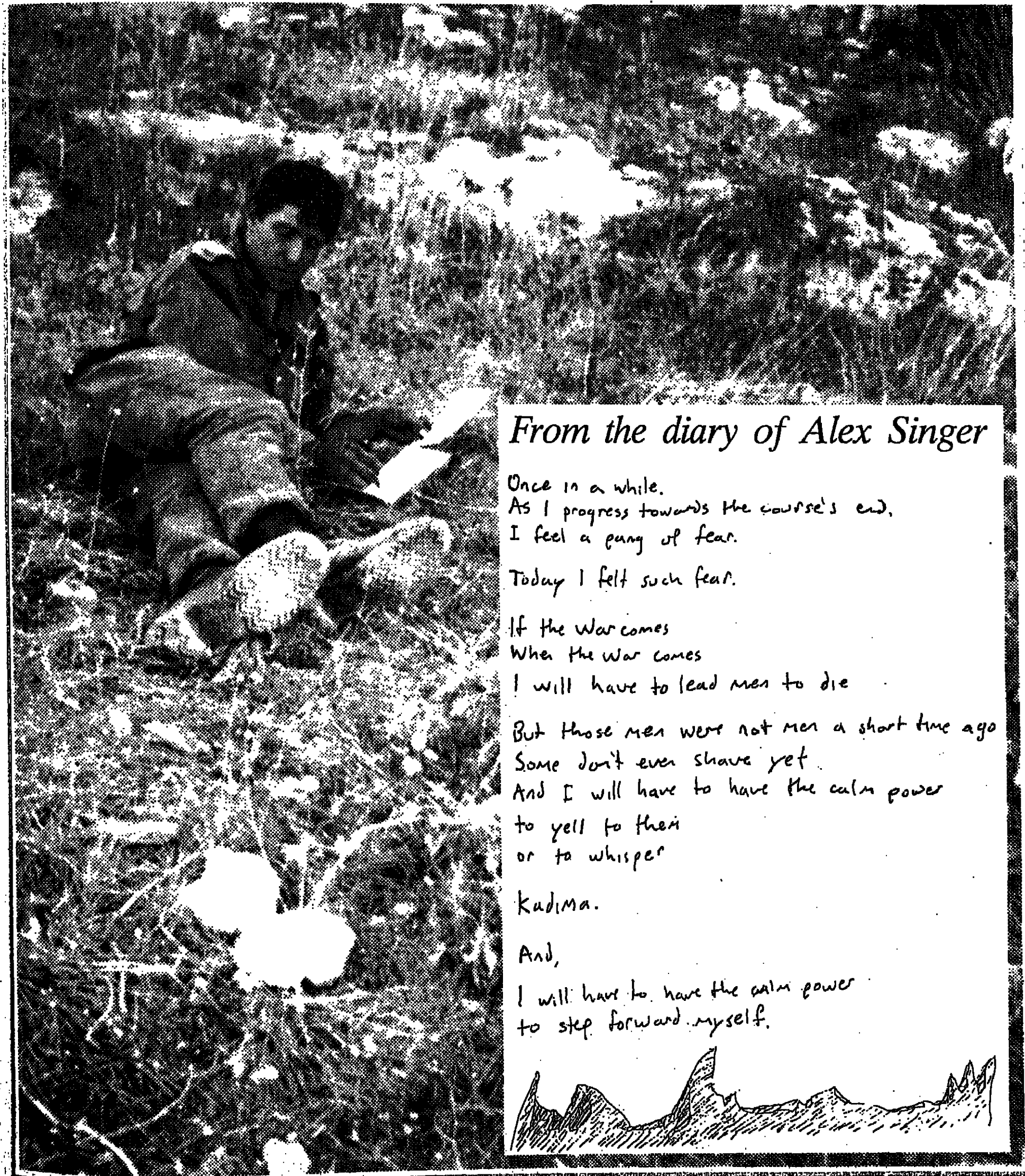
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From the diary of Alex Singer

Once in a while,
As I progress towards the course's end,
I feel a pang of fear.

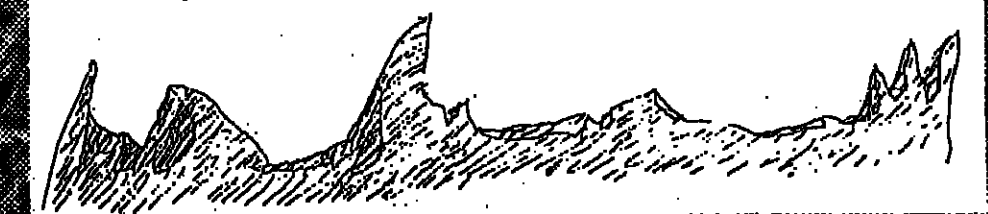
Today I felt such fear.

If the War comes
When the War comes
I will have to lead men to die

But those men were not men a short time ago
Some don't even shave yet
And I will have to have the calm power
to yell to them
or to whisper

Kadima.

And,
I will have to have the calm power
to step forward myself.



Friday, October 2, 1987

מקרא מן האש

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THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK

Tamir Cohen (Jacobsohn)

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Alex Singer kept a series of
diaries of his army experiences
before his death at the hands of
terrorists. Extracts from the
diaries begin on page 4.
Cover photo shows Alex
working on his diaries.

The Jerusalem Post
Weekend Magazine
Editor: Joanna Yehiel
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To my many friends in Israel
warmest wishes for a
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A SIMPLE black-and-white army death notice for 1st Lieutenant Alexander Singer was posted on the wrought iron gate in front of the apartment building in Jerusalem's Baka neighbourhood, in which he used to live.

Upstairs in a friend's flat, Alex's brothers Daniel and Benji and his parents Max and Suzanne Singer of Chevy Chase, Maryland, and another brother from the U.S., Saul, had finished sitting *shiva* for Alex, killed in a battle with terrorists in the security zone on September 15.

A few of Alex's framed sketches and watercolours were displayed on a bookshelf in the living room. The coffee table was covered with his letters, several volumes of his journal and a large bound volume entitled "Letters from the Diaspora," his senior thesis from Cornell University which was inspired by his summer trip through Europe and the Soviet Union in 1983.

"Alex began writing at an early age, but the serious stuff started only during college," Suzanne noted. "He was never inhibited; he just sat down and wrote, and he never edited anything."

"Such a stream of letters," she continued. "We were always talking back and forth, in many ways more effectively in writing than in telephone calls."

If writing came first for Alex, he may have been influenced by his parents, both of whom are involved professionally in writing. Max has written books, articles and essays on politics, while Suzanne is managing editor of *Biblical Archaeology Review* and *Bible Review*, and recently became executive editor of *Moment* magazine.

Suzanne sifted through a stack of photographs and selected one which showed a uniformed Alex lying in the grass with his pen and diary. He always carried writing implements with him, sometimes to the consternation of his commanding officers who thought that his technical drawings and analyses of military maneu-

A SOLDIER'S TALE

Alex Singer was killed with two other soldiers in one of the costliest battles since the IDF withdrew from Lebanon. From the start of his army service, he kept a diary of his day-to-day experiences. Here, The Post's Jonathan Karp describes Singer and his family, and, below, we run some extracts from the diaries.



vers might give the enemy information about IDF targets and tactics, if they fell into the wrong hands. But no one ever stopped him.

"His writing was direct, personal, thoughtful, funny and very descriptive. He seemed to write the way he drew. He saw the details in life," Alex's mother said.

ALEX AND TWO other soldiers were killed in one of the costliest battles to have taken place since the IDF withdrew from Lebanon in 1985.

On the evening of September 15, a small infantry force from the Givati Brigade was attacked by terrorists, believed to belong to the pro-Syrian Lebanese National Resistance Front and the Democratic Movement for the Liberation of Palestine, in the northern sector of the security zone. The army reported that company commander Ronen Weissman was killed immediately.

Alex, who was the platoon commander, was killed as he rushed to Weissman's aid. A third soldier was killed later as he, too, approached his injured comrades. Meanwhile, four soldiers were wounded, including the medic. The other soldiers, who were drafted just a year earlier, were left without officers and were forced to wait until reinforcements arrived by helicopter.

The next day, when Alex's brother Daniel was told by the farm manager of Ein Tzurim, the religious kibbutz where he lives, that he had a message from the town major, he had an intuition of what news was in store. "When I asked if someone was waiting for me, and the answer was 'yes,'" he recalled, "I knew I knew immediately that it was an army notification team."

"Unfortunately, this knowledge comes with time," said Daniel, 21, who is himself a lieutenant and has less than three months remaining of his army service.

"If you can say there is such a thing as comfort in someone's

death, then I think this would be the pinnacle," he said, noting that Alex died while trying to save his commanding officer.

"There are many ways you can die, anything from a horrible cancer to a car accident. These are the kinds of deaths where you start asking why, and there's no purpose, and it could have been otherwise had the car swerved, etc. But Alex's is an example of a death with tremendous purpose and meaning."

Alex's parents were personally informed by the IDF in the United States. The details that father Max was most concerned about were whether Alex had suffered or had been killed instantly.

"Those questions were answered, and I feel I have a fairly good understanding of what happened," he said just before returning to the U.S. this week.

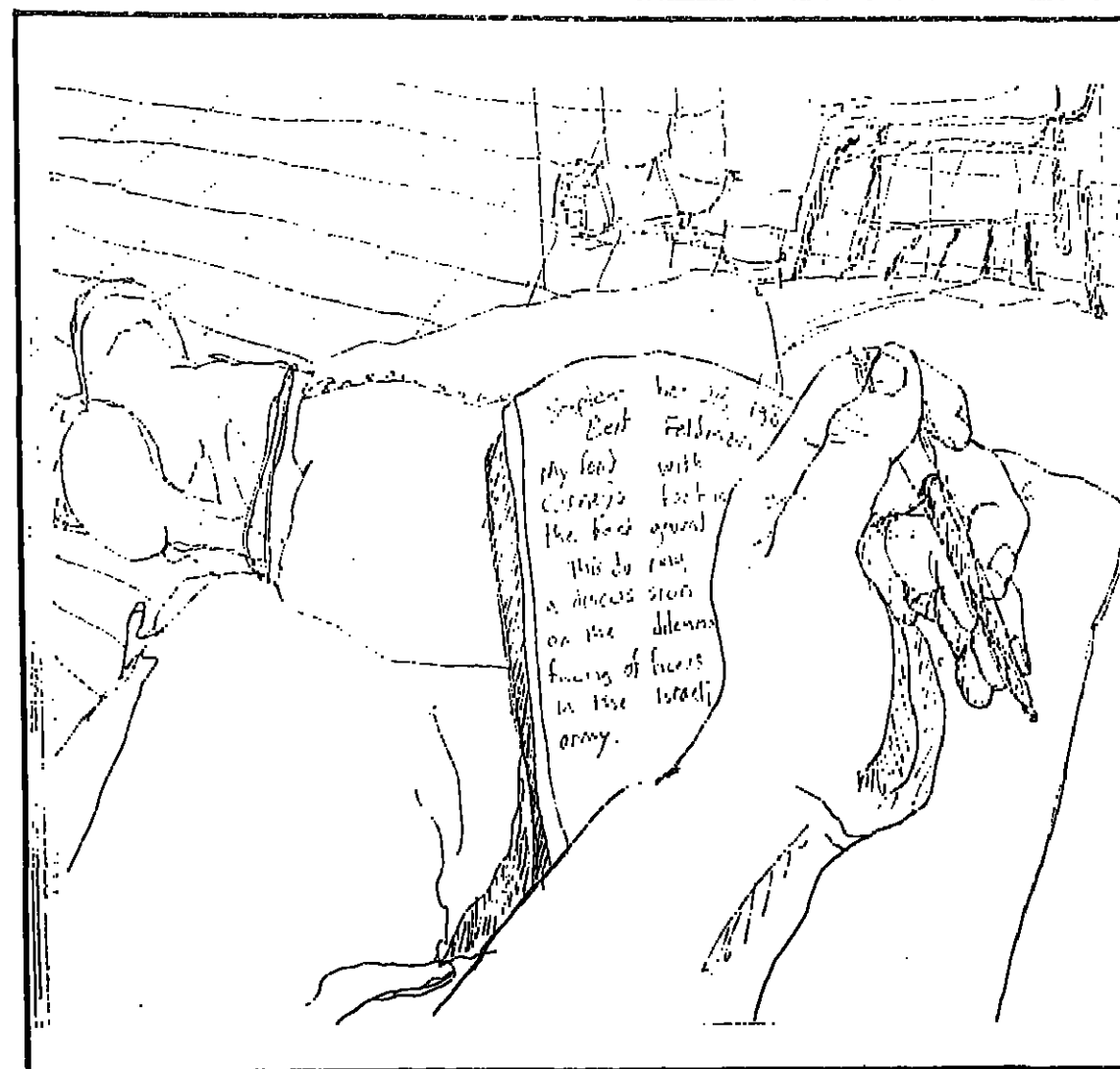
Max, his oldest son, Saul, 26, and Benji had visited Alex at his base just eight days before his death. Suzanne had seen him last during a visit here in May.

MAX AND Suzanne seemed to have come to grips with what many parents who live thousands of miles away from their children contend with — the distance. Yet with two sons serving as officers in combat units, they have also had to confront their fears.

"I think we always expected that something could happen," Suzanne said. "It's different from being prepared, but if you don't allow yourself at least that small amount of thought about it, I think you're being very unrealistic."

Daniel could not recall discussing his fears about the army with Alex. Some things were clear without words, he intimated. Suzanne noted that Alex's fear was not of the army, but rather for the country's security. She was reading from an untitled poem that Alex wrote just less than a year ago, when he was nearing the end of the officers' course. It began:

Once in a while,



As I progress towards the course's end,

I feel a pang of fear.

Today, I felt such fear.

If a war comes

When the war comes

I will have to lead men to die.

Unlike his younger brother

Daniel, who decided to make aliya

immediately after high school although he had been accepted to university in the U.S., Alex waited,

although he had made his intentions known earlier.

Pointing to the copy of "Letters from the Diaspora," Max said, "His thesis was an analysis of the issues of Zionism today, with the conclusion, which for him meant going to Israel."

Alex's parents had, in fact, planted the idea of aliya in their children by moving to Israel for four years in the 1970s. In 1973, Max decided to

take a sabbatical from the Hudson Institute, a conservative think-tank of which he was co-founder and president.

In Jerusalem, Max worked at the World Institute, a public policy research centre which had opened a few years earlier. After a year, the Singers made an "open-ended" decision to stay in Israel.

"We saw how our children reacted to being here," Suzanne recalled.

"We knew that the decision created the possibility that one or more of them would move here. We expected it and we shared it."

In 1976, the World Institute closed for lack of funds, but the family stayed as Max spent the next year trying to raise money to establish another centre. The funds were not forthcoming and the family had to return to the U.S.

However, their four-year stay in Israel gave the Singers, originally a secular family, a new sense of Jewish identity. Two of the boys were sent to Jewish day school and two attended the summer sessions at the Brandeis-Bardin Institute, a camp near Los Angeles which exposes participants to Judaism without prescribing how it should be observed. Alex got so much out of the experience, Daniel noted, that he returned for a second summer.

Alex's Zionist and religious values grew stronger as he completed his university studies at Cornell and worked on his thesis. As a "campus scholar," Alex was not restricted by core requirements and was able to pattern his own curriculum, which combined Jewish and Soviet studies. "Letters from the Diaspora" helped earn him a *summa cum laude* degree.

After graduating, Alex made what his father described admiringly as the "move from thought to action." He came to Israel, moving to Ein Tzurim, the religious kibbutz on which Daniel lives.

"People are always talking about ideology and believing this and believing that," Daniel said. "Well, people saw Alex as someone who said something and then went and did it. He finally got killed for it."

ALEX HAD reservations about going into a combat unit. "He struggled with the idea for a long time," his mother said.

"He thought about using his specific talents such as his knowledge of Russian and Arabic, and the fact

(Continued on page 10)

Wednesday, Jun 2, 1984.

Hebrew text - two unintelligible sentences.

Medic test - I shouldn't be responded to doctor's "Ata mitragesh?" with "Of course - I've never been drafted before." Eyes OK. Chest X-ray at Shaare Zedek. Outside doctor's office I felt myself more mature than those around me, not for my extra four years but because some of them were laughing (at a Hassid) who was there with his father. It wasn't that the sight wasn't amusing - it was... But they were laughing at him in front of him - scorning him like a bunch of Rednecks at a Redneck bar might scorn a city-folk type who walked in. I have other analogies which include the KKK and Germans but I don't like to apply them to Jews.

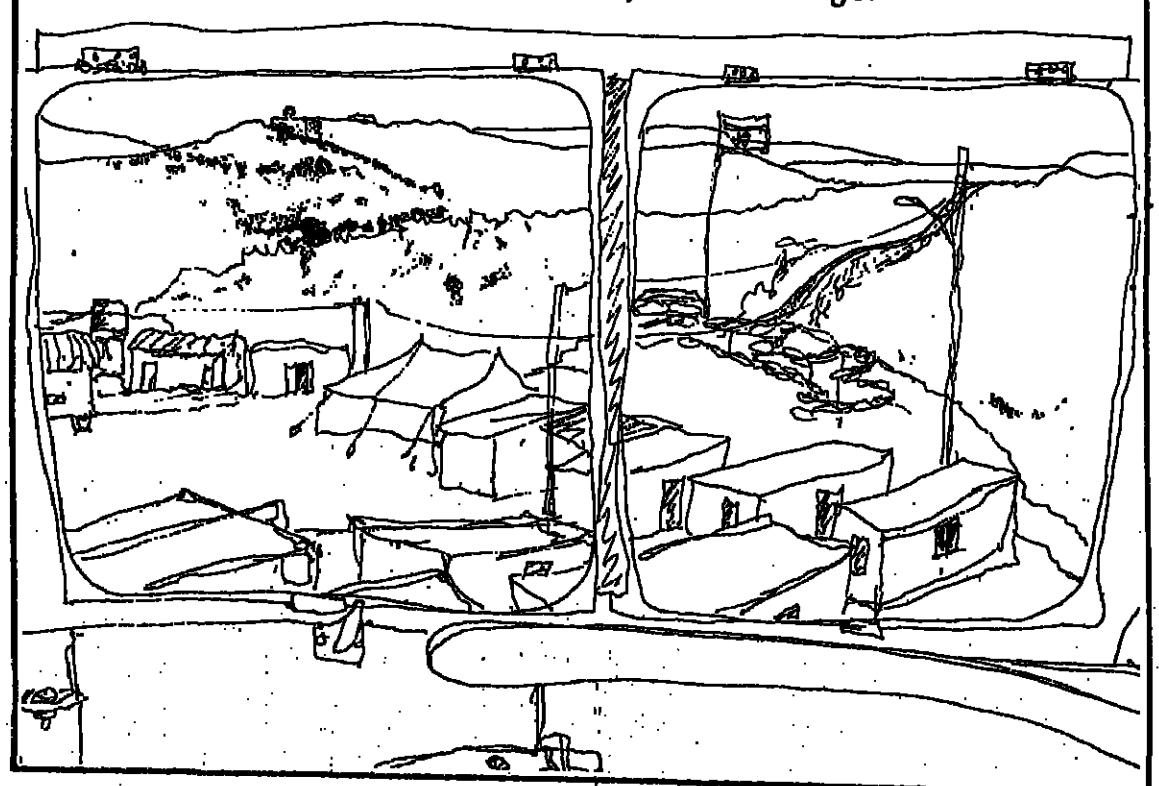
Two doctors - a pian and a woman - examining the draftees-to-be. The man checked me but the 19-year-old next to me looked very much like someone who had just dropped ice down his shirt when the other doctor said to "drop them" to his knees. All in all... (besides the scornful glances) I found the first exposure less unpleasant than I expected. I was freented well, people were interested in my coming to the army two days after making aliya... not too bureaucratic and not too impersonal. One soldier there (a man who said he liked what I was doing especially now that his brothers have moved to the States for the \$) even said that he thought he remembered Daniel's coming through a year ago!

SANUUR

Our first hike - even before the start of basic training was up to the sheikh's

ALEX GOES TO THE ARMY

Extracts from the diary of Alex Singer



tomb on Gebel Hureish - a 40 minute climb (vertical rise 450m). Very steep, very fast pace with a jerrycan of water on my back for the middle third of the trek. Breathtaking view from the top of our base. The Arab village of San-

auur, Geva and — (I forget). Sanauur is a beautiful place with much pain - some of the pain is physical and some (more) comes from making new friends and then being separated from them just when you begin to think that

being with those people will give you the strength to go through with what is to come.

TIRONUT

The first few days of basic were a

real shock - discipline became stricter and the punishments more frequent. At the pre-nial line-ups the whole *pluga* would be made to run around the square at the centre of our part of the base in 30 seconds (as punishment for moving or speaking or being late to attention.)

UPDATE

April 18, 1985

Two months into basic there is much to report. Before I got a chance to write about him, one of my *mak'im* (squad commanders) has left for officers' school - Yossi Gabai... who gave me my first personal punishment when I started grinning in his equipment *misdr* after he said: "I can be the gentle mother or the stern father..."

You had to be there... I just couldn't see him as either when he said, "Singer, wipe that grin off your face!" I cracked up and he sent me off to guard somewhere.

This past week has been very busy and harsh as far as discipline is concerned. The platoon has been run around a lot and we've gone down to exercises and weapons training each day, in formation with time limits, rather than "in song" as we do when we're "good." Yesterday we were all sent to Yod Vashem in Jerusalem to secure the opening ceremony of Yom Ha-shoah. I wish I could have seen it although being less than 100 metres away meant that strains of the music and speeches made their way through to where I was sitting in my "Readiness squad." I ran into Liz Shanks after the ceremony - it was good to see a familiar face.

April 21, 1985

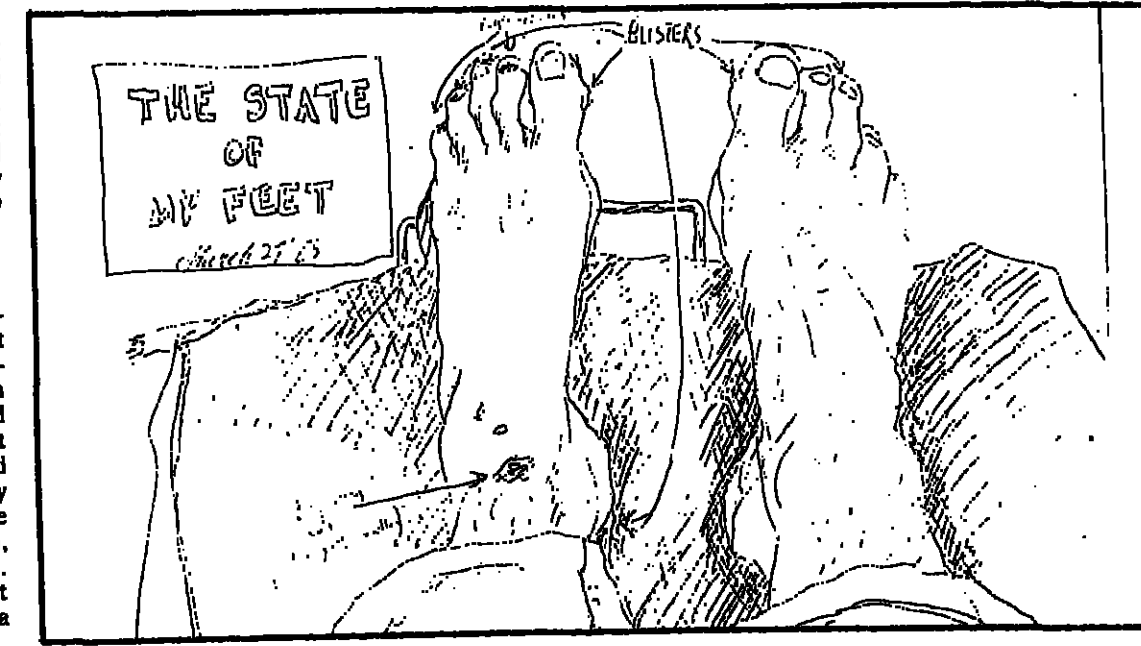
I'm at B-G airport waiting for MOM to arrive. I've been given the whole week off which is great for me and not too bad for the army because this week contains only two training days. Daniel has to go back to the army tomorrow for his closing ceremony of the NCO course - we'll all be there.

May 9, 1985

Ten minutes before lunch. Yesterday was catharsis day. I realized what I'd been realizing for weeks... that infantry is not for me. We were on a company-sized exercise (our first) and I couldn't keep up. The best thing that happened was being "wounded" and having an infusion stuck in my arm by Sharon the medic. The checker of the exercise saw me standing too high, tapped me on the head and said... "wounded." I was carried out through the burning fields on a stretcher.

May 19, 1985

I wrote the above during what must have been the hardest week for me in basic. Now, 10 days later, I'm far more content with my place in the IDF. A large factor in my feeling better is the fact that I've both participated in, and even done well in two marches... The one this past Thursday was 8.2 km through ERI. This means that the only time you're out from under the stretcher is when you switch shoulders with the person next to you - in my case with Ami Na'an (Johnson) or when your partner takes the whole end of the stretcher himself.



May 21, 1985

The stretcher march came at the end of a week of training (at training base). My platoon commander promised me a few weeks earlier (in a one-to-one talk) that I'd do an APC driving course. I had asked if there'd been a problem with the fact that my only licence is American. He said, "Don't worry." But... when we got there I couldn't take the course precisely because I had no Israeli licence. Bummer.

The week was good for me. It was one of quite a bit of free time and also contained a course in RPG shooting which included firing two live missiles. My first shot went like this... missing.

but barely. The second hit here... which was nice.

This week we arrived here in Carmiel for an education week from Sanauur.

Yesterday was beautiful. We drove to Peki'in, visited its one Jewish family and synagogue, ate *lutim* from the tree in the synagogue yard, bought pitta and wandered with a very talented army *madricha* through the town's streets. The afternoon was spent at Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot's Holocaust museum, which was interesting as a Holocaust museum but very interesting for the conversations which it led to.

PARACHUTING

July 2, 1985

It's late morning now. I've already jumped twice. Once this morning - at sunrise - and one yesterday morning. Stepping out of an airplane at 1,200 feet is like nothing else in the world. It is preceded by a fear which must accompany doing anything as ridiculous as stepping out of a secure plane into emptiness... I kept telling myself that I wouldn't jump. Not seriously because I knew I would jump but nonetheless the feeling of wanting to turn round is there.

When my turn came (I jumped second) I guess that I jumped like they taught me but I remember nothing

from the second before I left the plane until I found my shoot (chute?) opening behind me. The moment of the jump (or the shove - it may be that the instructors pushed me but I have no idea) is not in my memory. Today's jump I remember a bit better but there's still at least a second missing from my recollection.

Once the fear passes - and the fear passes as soon as you're out of the plane - the jump is so much more pleasant than what I had thought that I really enjoyed all of its sensations. The opening of the chute occurs with a smooth pull on the shoulders rather than the jolt which we felt on the machines which simulate the jump. The ride is spectacular and the landing is also softer than the landings we've practised on the ground. Yesterday my landing was as soft as a jump off a milk crate and today it was a bit faster - like a jump from a truckbed...

The kids in my platoon call it *hatzi zhu* (half a fuck). I don't see the connection but it's pretty great. The second you're in the air you want to shout and sing - so I did.

MASA KUMTA!

July 12, 1985

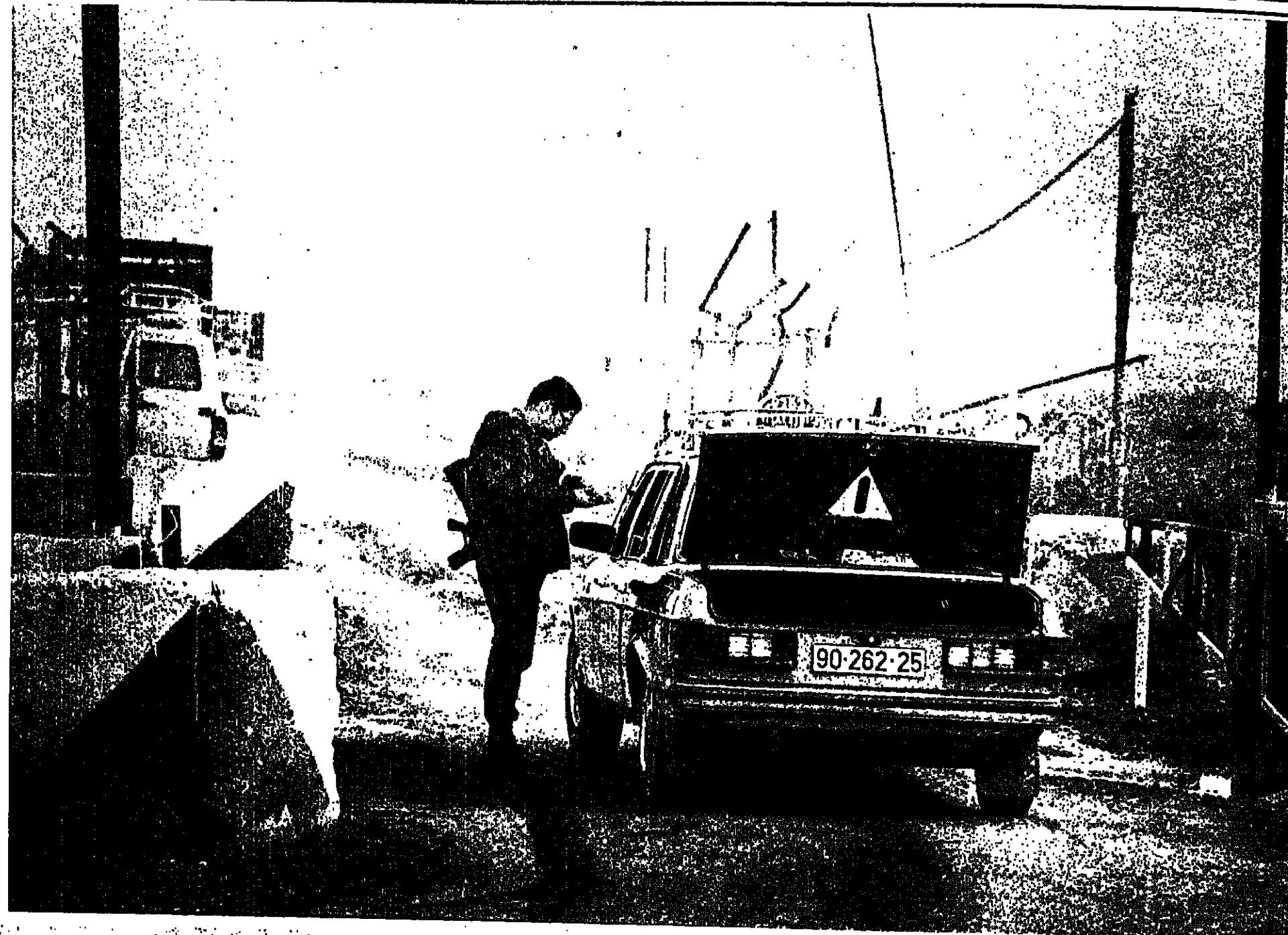
Throned ended Wednesday morning at around 11:30 when we received our Red Berets. The Wall was the end-point of the 87km 600 metre *masa kumta* (route march prior to receiving the regimental red berets. ed.)

We left the parachute memorial at Tel Nof at 5:53 on Tuesday. I started off with a 10 litre jerrycan on my back. The company marched in platoons with one open stretcher per platoon. At first I carried the stretcher with the

(Continued on page 10)

A narrow span of steel and wooden planks typifies the paradox which is the Allenby Bridge, writes Joel Greenberg. Photos: F.D. Smith

PARADOXICAL BRIDGE



Checkpoint at the Allenby Bridge. (Above) Crossing the bridge by foot.

ON THE WEST Bank side of the Allenby Bridge, an Israeli flag flutters on a tall flagpole, in full view of Jordanian police and soldiers on the other side. It is the first sight encountered by visitors as they ride over the bridge into Israeli-held territory.

There is no flag on the Jordanian side. Jordan does not recognize Israeli rule in the West Bank, and does not consider the Allenby Bridge, or Hussein Bridge as it is called in Jordan, a border-crossing between two states. The West Bank, as far as Jordan is concerned, is occupied territory.

The contradictory views of the narrow span of steel and wood planks typifies the paradox which is the Allenby Bridge, an open border between countries technically at war.

The bridge is open to visitors from anywhere in the world, including citizens of any Arab state, who have been invited by residents of the territories, and whose visit has been approved by the Israeli authorities. These visitors, who may come from states at war with Israel, can see its cities and sites under an arrangement unique in the Middle East, if not in the world.

According to statistics kept at the Allenby Bridge and at the Damiya, or Adam Bridge to the north, some 850,000 persons move over the border crossings annually, both to and from Jordan. At the height of the summer visiting season, in which

relatives and friends of Palestinians in the territories can visit for a three-month period (as opposed to one-month permits issued during the rest of the year), up to 2,500 visitors may enter the West Bank daily over the Allenby Bridge, and another 1,500 over the Damiya Bridge.

The bridges also serve as channels for exports of agricultural and industrial goods from the territories to Jordan, and through it, to the Arab world. About 100 million tons of goods were shipped across the bridges in 1986, according to official figures. Less than half that quantity of goods was imported over the bridges to the territories.

The great flow of people and goods via the bridges is not free, however. It is accompanied by meticulous security checks, unparalleled at any other border crossing. The checks, developed and refined over time, have been prompted by attempts to smuggle explosives and weapons through the bridges for use in attacks on Israelis.

Arriving travellers are stripped for intimate body searches, their shoes are collected and X-rayed, the contents of their baggage emptied into baskets and examined by hand, item by item. Baby carriages, toys, cosmetics, electric appliances and other items which cannot be adequately examined manually are confiscated and burned to prevent smuggling of detonators and other small explosives. All literature brought in is checked by a censor,

Suspicious arrivals are questioned by Israeli security men.

The 425 trucks used for shipping goods back and forth across the bridge are fitted with special features to facilitate quick searches. They are the only vehicles in the world with see-through gas tanks and easily removable parts stamped with seals to foil tampering. Despite these features, a group of truck drivers from the Hebron area was arrested several months ago on suspicion of smuggling explosives over a period of a year in their vehicles. The discovery led to even tighter security arrangements and stern Israeli warnings that future smuggling attempts could result in the curtailment of trade across the bridges.

Movement across the bridges has been periodically forbidden to residents of certain towns and villages in the territories, usually for security reasons often related to an anti-Israeli attack.

THE BRIDGES thus combine both unexpected freedom of movement and painful restrictions. The encounters between Israeli soldiers and Arab civilians are pervaded by mistrust and friction, aggravated by the heat, flies, long delays and crowded conditions which are common in peak season at the bridge terminals. Soldiers working at the scene readily concede that their daily inspection of hundreds of travellers and their belongings tends to blunt their sensibilities and that,

in some cases, soldiers have insulted and humiliated persons they have searched. A woman soldier said some of her colleagues routinely shouted at the women they frisked, and a reservist said one of his colleagues threatened to turn back a woman simply because she arrived wearing a necklace bearing the word "Palestine."

The unpleasant encounters and occasional harassment have not gone unnoticed by the Israeli bridge authorities, who are considering measures to alleviate the more uncomfortable aspects of the security checks. Higher level army units have been stationed at the bridges, the Allenby Bridge terminal is air-conditioned, and newly installed metal detectors have replaced the initial frisking of passengers as they get off their buses. Passengers moving through the terminal during a day of light traffic late last month, at the end of the summer visiting season, reported few delays and respectful treatment by soldiers at the scene.

On the outskirts of Jericho, a new terminal is under construction which will serve as a more convenient transport point to the bridge. Instead of waiting hours in taxi lines for passage to the bridge, travellers will be able to drive their own cars to the Jericho terminal, and board buses departing regularly to the bridge. The "park and ride" scheme has encountered opposition from Jericho cab drivers who complain that it will deprive them of an important source of income.

Not all travellers crossing the bridges wait in taxi lines or undergo the same tight security checks. Palestinian mayors or other VIPs from the territories, top clergymen, diplomats, Red Cross and UN officials, are subjected to minimum inspection. Foreign tourists move through a separate terminal where security arrangements are similar to those at Ben-Gurion airport.

APART FROM providing a channel of movement for people and goods, the bridges also play a role in maintaining the fabric of daily, routine contacts between both banks of the Jordan. Newspapers are exchanged daily at the middle of Allenby Bridge, coffins are transferred for burial, and persons in need of hospital treatment are taken across by ambulance.

The exchange of newspapers and other technical matters dealt with by the Israeli and Jordanian bridge commanders are the only acknowledged contacts between the two countries across the Allenby Bridge. Israeli military police and Jordanian policemen cooperate in regulating the movement of buses across the bridge, using hand movements, whistles, and occasional shouts of "rega," ("just a minute," in Hebrew), which can also be heard from the Jordanian side.

Near the centre of the bridge, a Jordanian police officer paces and behind him, soldiers in a sand-bagged emplacement peer through binoculars. A visitor is tempted to make the short walk over to the other side which, in the absence of physical barriers other than two white-painted barrels marking the border, appears easily accessible.

The buses ferrying visitors across the bridge belong to an Amman-based firm with an office in Jerusalem. The buses from Jordan, bearing green Jordanian licence plates, rumble across the planks and travel the short distance to the Israeli terminal. The drivers, Palestinians from Amman, spend some eight hours a day making the trip back and forth from the bridge terminal



Jordanian passport holders move through the Allenby Bridge terminal. Truck licence plates are switched in order to cross into Jordan.



at Shuneh, Jordan, several kilometres from the border. A different fleet of buses takes passengers from the Israeli terminal to Shuneh. Unlike the trucks, which switch their licence plates when crossing into Jordan, the buses retain their Israeli West Bank plates while travelling to Shuneh.

FOR ALL THE apparent normalcy of the passage between the two banks of the Jordan, the open bridges are a mixed blessing for Palestinians. The open bridges were originally conceived as a means of promoting understanding and de facto normalization across the border by then defence minister Moshe Dayan, who initiated the arrangement in 1967. More importantly, the open bridges were seen as a vital safety-valve and lifeline to the Arab world for Palestinians in the territories, who would otherwise feel cut off under Israeli occupation. The very existence of the bridges appears in some way to make the occupation more tolerable.

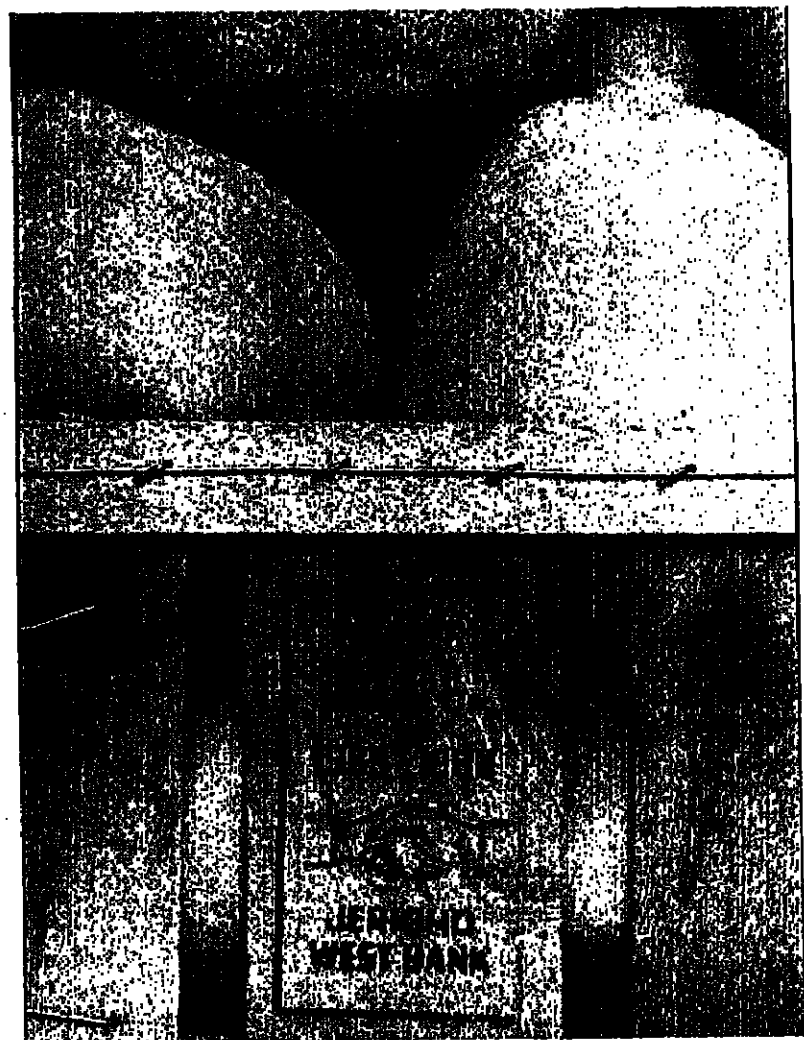
But at the same time, the bridges, as a medium of contact between the two sides, are sensitive pressure points as far as the Palestinians are concerned. Israel has barred passage across the bridges to Palestinian activists whose pronouncements and activities have caused displeasure in Amman.

Israel requires Palestinian youths

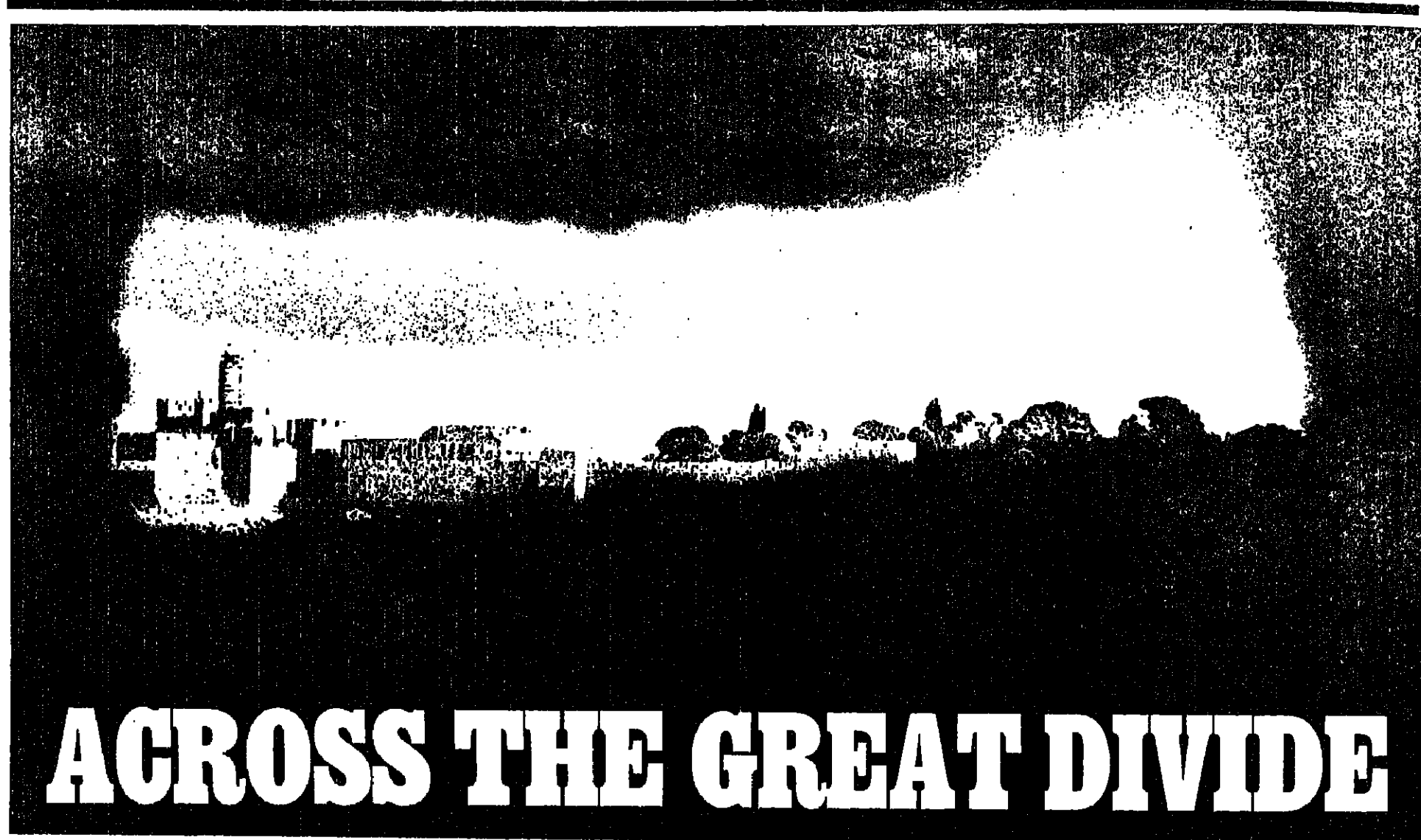
over 16 who depart via the bridges to stay abroad for 9 months before they return. Jordan, for its part, barred such young men from staying more than a month in its territory between 1980 and 1982, and may also draft them into the army if they have Jordanian citizenship. The Israeli regulation is officially explained as a security measure, but in combination with the Jordanian moves, it places serious constraints on travel across the bridges by young Palestinian men.

The bridges can become impassible barriers for others as well. Suleiman Abu Kaf, a Jerusalemite, left via the bridges with his sons and stayed in Jordan beyond the three-year period, during which Palestinians must return to the territories if they are to retain their local residence rights. Arriving at the Israeli Allenby Bridge terminal with his sons late last month, he was turned back and told that he could return only if the military government approves an application by his family to a special "latecomers" committee. Otherwise, he was told, he would have to apply for residence by requesting a family unification permit, which is not easily granted.

The predicament of Suleiman Abu Kaf - by no means an isolated instance - may well serve as a case study of the paradox of the bridges. On the one hand, they represent a quest for normalcy; yet, for Palestinians, they continue to exemplify the abnormality of their situation. □



مركزنا من الأصل



ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

The Citadel and Old City walls photographed from an Israeli look-out post at Yemin Moshe.

(Reuven Milon)

"CAPTIVE DREAM: Jerusalem, 1967," an exhibition of photographs opening at the Israel Museum on Tuesday, recalls what life in the city was like before and just after the Six-Day War, when the anti-sniper walls and the barbed wire came down and throngs of curious Arabs and Jews "invaded" each others' sections of the city.

The Jews made a bee-line for the Western Wall and the textile shops on David Street in the Old City. The Arabs, whole families of them, swarmed past my home on the Street of the Prophets and down Rehov HaRav Kook, where they encountered their first traffic light; when the lights changed and the traffic flowed down Jaffa Road, they broke into applause. The faces of everyone, Jews and Arabs alike, were wreathed in smiles. The effect lasted a week or so.

Before June 1967, it was difficult to see into Arab Jerusalem. Some of the best glimpses were available only to reservists of the Jerusalem Brigade who stood at the firing slits in the blockhouses and buildings that lined the border, some of them only metres from similar Arab Legion positions.

The best view of all was from the sandbagged positions on

the rooftops next to Notre Dame. Civilians who wanted a glimpse of the Dome of the Rock and the tip of the Western Wall had to go to the dead-end of Rehov Ein Rogel in Abu Tor and stand on a low wall that enabled them to see over the shrubbery. If you lowered your gaze somewhat you found yourself looking down into the barrels of guns in the firing slits of a fortified house occupied by Arab Legionnaires. It was often touch and go if you were fired at or not.

Jordanian sniping into Jewish Jerusalem was a fairly frequent occurrence in the Fifties and this is why huge anti-sniper walls were erected. The massive concrete walls bisected busy streets like the Street of the Prophets and Mamilla. One no longer had to cross these streets at a dignified trot, but what was left of the view of the other side completely disappeared.

As can be seen from this show, which includes the work of several photographers from the other side, the Jordanians, even though they lined the crenellated walls of the Old City, had similar difficulties in getting a good look at life on our side. For the most part, all they could see were the Hotel Fast and the less salubrious parts of Musrara and Yemin Moshe.

Guest curator Vivienne Silver, who selected this show, has not tried to document the history of events, but has provided enough reminders to make old-timers sigh at long forgotten moments in the life of a city which was then only a fraction of the size it is today, and in which every stone seemed familiar and important.

Those who have grown up or come to the city since reunification will get some idea of what it was like to live in a divided Jerusalem. A photograph of Arab women waiting for relatives at Mandelbaum Gate is a vivid reminder of the one crossing point between the two sides, used by pilgrims and UN personnel but closed to all Israelis except the reservists in police uniforms who ferried up to the Israeli enclave on Mount Scopus in sealed armoured trucks guarded by Arab Legionnaires.

These photographs speak for themselves. They were taken by press photographers who, for the most part, were regular contributors to *The Jerusalem Post*. Times have changed for them too. They are now known as photo-journalists.

MEIR RONNEN



Observation point for Temple Mount - Abu Tor.

(Miche Bar Am)



Leah Kilgman returns to work at a Mother and Child clinic.

(Zevy Kabanov)

ENTERTAINMENT

The Jerusalem Post Magazine



HAIFA GOES INTERNATIONAL

Film festival
Dan Fainaru

THE FOUR-DAY Haifa Film Festival which opens on October 10, puts me between the devil and the deep blue sea. My wife is responsible for the programme, and whatever I say about it is going to be misinterpreted. If I praise it, they'll say it's because of that relationship. If I damn it, I may as well look for new lodgings. If I shut up, I will not only be taken for a coward but I shall also fail in my duty as a film critic.

So instead of opinions I shall try to supply information. I'm afraid even that isn't going to be easy, for a professional reviewer, expressing opinions is second nature. If I do, please remember they are biased and take them as such.

Having got that off my chest, here goes:

As the festival is divided into sections, mostly by national identity, it will be easier to take each of the contributions separately. Thus, for instance, there are several British films, quite different in character. Three of them belong to the anarchic new comedies (even if they sometimes have quite serious intentions) strongly supported by Independent Television's Channel Four, whose invaluable assistance to cinema in England in the last couple of years is responsible for its great leap forward.

Prick up Your Ears is the biography of a pretty wild character, homosexual playwright Joe Orton, murdered by his jealous boyfriend just as he is about to establish himself as one of the trendiest, most outspoken dramatists in the country. The profanities and *doubles entendres* (starting with the title) will certainly shock sensitive ears, but this is probably the secret of the



Escaping conformism in 'A Hungarian Fairy Tale' (top); a Swiss glance at America in 'Candy Mountain.'

film's commercial success -- this and the superb training scriptwriter Alan Bennett and director Stephen Frears have had in television.

Alan Clarke, who directed *Rita, Sue and Bob Too* and Bruce Robinson, who made *Withnail and I*, are also TV men, both doing their first movie, and both displaying the impertinence typical of young filmmakers who have been given the opportunity to work outside the rigorous confines of the small box.

In both cases, these are proletarian subjects, treated tongue-in-cheek and with a healthy dose of social criticism. Robinson's previous film experience, by the way, was quite unlike anything he has done in his first directorial effort. He was responsible for the shattering script of *Killing Fields*, David Puttnam's film about war correspondent Sidney Sheinberg's real experience in Vietnam.

Insignificance offers something the British are supposed to do best: the adaptation of a play. It presents an imaginary encounter between Marilyn Monroe, Albert Einstein, Joe DiMaggio and John Kennedy in a hotel room when the building is on fire. Nicholas Roeg directs his wife, Theresa Russell, Michael Emil (Henry Jaglom's brother, star performer and producer), Tony Curtis and Gary Busey in the four key parts.

This apocalyptic image is more than matched by *When the Wind Blows*, Jimmy Murakami's adaptation. (Continued on page B)

هكذا عن الأصل

Film festival

(Continued from page A1)

tion of Raymond Briggs's cute little illustrated book about an elderly British couple coping with the atomic bomb in typical British fashion. This is one animated film that won't send you out of the cinema smiling.

ANOTHER considerable section in Haifa is, believe it or not, Japanese. Given the almost non-existent distribution of Japanese films here, it is rare to see six Japanese films in three days. Two directors are each represented by two films.

Yoshimitsu Morita manages to turn out one *tour de force* after another, each time selecting a different film genre. *Family Game*, for example, is a wild satire on the Japanese middle-class family and its aspirations, while *Death in Tokyo* is a mystifying thriller, whose plot is often baffling but its visual virtuosity quite astounding.

One of the leads in *Family Game*, the father of the family, is played by Itami, an actor turned director, who is now a sensation in Japan for his pitiless satires on the most sacred Japanese customs. His *Funeral Rites* mocks the reverence and respect for the dead still assumed by people who don't care about it all. *Taxing Woman*, a huge box-office success in Japan (Itami is now directing a sequel) treats in the same irreverent fashion that other sensitive Japanese areas: the pocket. The heroine is a tax inspector who never lets go once she sinks her teeth in a suspect, her tenacity helping her innocent appearance. The part is played by Itami's own wife, who has starred in all his films so far.

The other Japanese director's two films are each shocking in their own way. *The Promise* maintains that death is preferable to the indignity caused by the deterioration of the body in old age. What seems for a while to be a thriller murder turns into a painful, profoundly disturbing human tragedy.

Forward God's Army is a documentary, in which a very strange character decides to find out, 30 years later, why some of his comrades were executed by their superior officers three weeks after the end of World War II. He progresses from one witness to another, browbeating and even physically attacking them to get an answer, finally reaching the horrific truth, whose essence is a condemnation of war and what it does to otherwise normal human beings.

The two best-known Taiwanese film makers, Edward Yang and Hou Hsiao-hsien, have each sent one film.

Yang's is an Antonionesque portrait of Taiwanese society, in which three separate and seemingly unrelated plots slowly converge into one. The film's title, *The Terrorists*, refers to the way in which each of the characters relates to the others.

Hou Hsiao-hsien's elegiac *Summer at Grandpa's* is a quiet, soft-spoken reflection about the generation gap in a country which has leaped technological centuries in a few years and is trying to catch up emotionally with the changes.

MUCH CLOSER to home there are three Greek films, of which two have almost Israeli subjects, or at least subjects that could equally well apply to Israeli problems.

If Theo Angelopoulos's *The Beekeeper* is a very personal and poetic image of the artist, an apocalyptic saying farewell to everything close to him and his artistic life, both



'Tolerance' (above), 'The Great Generation' (left) and 'Whooping Cough' - three of the Hungarian films.



The Photography and Happy Homecoming Comrade tackle less intimate subjects.

In the former, director Nikos Papatakis, who has spent a great part of his life in Paris, draws a grim portrait of expatriate Greeks and their undying love for their homeland, using a highly unusual story to express it.

Lefteris Xanthopoulos treats the same problem from another angle in the second one. He went to Hungary to find villages of Greek refugees who escaped the anti-Communist purges of the late '40s, were granted political asylum and given land for themselves and their families. Now these same families are packing their bags and going home, not really knowing their real identity, whether they should go, or stay and become full Hungarians, a temptation that for some is too strong to resist.

Italy which hasn't been doing too well lately in our cinemas, has sent three films. Best known here of the three directors is Marco Bellocchio, who has adapted a well-known Pirandello play, *Enrico IV*, about a

madman who rejects reality and declares he is King Henry IV, but who may in fact be more lucid than all those who surround him and indulge his fantasy. Marcello Mastroianni plays the lead.

In *Segreti, Segreti* Giuseppe Bertolucci (younger brother of the more famous Bernardo) tries to figure out something that has been bothering Italian intellectuals for years: how to deal with terrorism, particularly when one is sympathetic to its causes but not to its methods. This is an exclusively feminine picture, starting with Alida Valli, who starred in Italian wartime pictures; through later divas such as Rosanna Poldasta and Stefania Sandrelli, including northern types like Mariangela Melato; to two relatively new stars, Lina Sastri and Giulia Bosch.

Probably the most promising filmmaker of the younger Italian generation is Nanni Moretti, whose early anarchic comedy has mellowed to ironic and rather sad observations of the acute moral crisis in his country. In *La Morsa e Finita* he leaves out no one - young and old, proletarians and intellectuals, former idealists and

former sceptics, as he himself plays a Catholic priest whose spiritual resources are too poor to help even those closest to him.

SWITZERLAND IS not usually associated with film-making, but this misconception is due mostly to distribution shortcomings in Israel. From youthful, carefree and unruly comedies like *Du Mich Auch* to a passionate portrait of a woman's physical and emotional expectations in *Une Flamme Dans Mon Cœur*; from the angry documentary about misguided youth and the exorbitant price they have to pay for their conduct in *Dani, Michio, Renato and Max* to a glance at America's underbelly in *Candy Mountain*, a fiction film made by the world-famous photographer Robert Frank, not to mention a documentary by another great Swiss photographer, Werner Bischof, the Swiss are certainly into most aspects of film making.

Hungarian cinema has been pretty well covered in this column, if not because of films shown in Israel, at least because the Hungarians do a great job of publicizing their prod-

ucts in the world press. Out of last year's crop, Haifa has picked *Whooping Cough*, in which director Peter Gardos shows the events of 1956 through children's eyes and, for the first time, points to the nefarious contribution of the Soviet forces to them. *A Hungarian Fairy Tale* follows a young boy, a nurse and a frustrated bureaucrat who try to escape the oppressive yoke of conformism and loss of liberty. *The Great Generation* is an ironic portrait of the 1956 generation, those who escaped to the West and those who stayed at home, and what happened to their ideals. *Tolerance* is a grim, uncompromising look at a couple of losers in a socialist society that shows no more mercy or understanding than a capitalist one.

A documentary shot by film students about the first Beauty Queen contest in Hungary in 50 years, entitled *Pretty Girls*, became very significant when the 19-year-old queen could not stand the pressure of her obligations, and committed suicide, the film trying to explain, through footage shot before and after, the reasons for the tragedy.

Finally, *Queen in Budapest* is a straightforward record of the British pop group's performances in Hungary, a treat for their fans.

West Germany is represented by two young film-makers. Verena Rudolph lets her imagination run away with her in *Francesca*, an imaginary biography of an actress who was a Fellini favourite. Uwe Schrader opts for realism in *Sierra Leone*, which leaves no doubt that the younger generation doesn't find Germany a very pleasant place to live in, even if they still preserve a certain sense of humour in expressing their reservations.

TWO AMERICAN thrillers contain a catch concerning the profession of their protagonists. In Wayne Wang's *Slam Dance*, Tom Hulce plays a cartoonist involved in the violent death of a luscious blonde, a kind of fast-paced action movie springing constant surprises on an unsuspecting audience. In *House of Games*, Lindsay Crouse is a psychiatrist tricked by con men in a smartly-written script by David Mamet, the playwright who is here directing his first film.

John Huston's last film, *The Dead*, and the documentary which Lilyan Sievernich made about its preparation, were both shown last month in Venice, at which time I dedicated quite a lot of space to both of them. I can only say that Huston's film is magnificent as the final statement of a great film-maker, and the documentary is a loving tribute to the man and his relationship with everybody around him.

THEN THERE is the Preston Sturges retrospective. Sturges is a mystery for many. One of the greatest screen-writers and directors of comedy in America in the '40s, he is a familiar name only to cognoscenti and his films are somehow never replayed in spite of the fact that some of them are masterpieces. Nine of them (he directed 11) are being shown in Haifa, including *The Great McGinty*, *Hail the Conquering Hero*, *Palm Beach Story*, *Lady Even*, *Sullivan's Travels*, *Unfaithful to Yours*, each satirizing a different aspect of American life.

Other attractions in Haifa will include extensive animation programmes, a selection of short Israeli films never presented before, a competition of video clips produced in Israel and a video-clip evening consisting of imported material. □

Dance Dora Sowden

LOOKING BACK over the year at visiting companies - and they were many, including such dazzlers as the Stuttgart Ballet (*Taming of the Shrew*), Sankai Juku (*Egghead*) and Tomashevsky's Polish Pantomime Theatre (*Midsummer Night's Dream*) - the tour of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre that brought it to an end was surely the highlight.

Of the 12 works presented, five were by Ailey himself, and it is interesting that though *Blues Suite* and *Revelations* were masterpieces of the '50s and '70s, *Caverna Magica* and *Survivors* were choreographed in 1986, showing Ailey at 56 still in full flood of his powers.

The programme at the Sultan's Pool in Jerusalem has already been reviewed here (September 18) but the short visit deserves a roundup, not only because the new works had such impact, but because Ailey obviously has a problem: to find choreographers who can stand up to comparison with him. Only two works by others did not look pale beside his works.

One was George Faison's *Suite Otis*, with a spirit akin to Ailey's own and able to delight at a second viewing as much as at the first. But it, too, belongs to the '70s.

The other was Jennifer Muller's *Speeds*, exceptionally clever in its 15 minutes of adventuring and experimenting with pace and mood.

Eleven dancers began in line, in silence and in slow motion, then someone shouted "Change!" and they sprang into fast walking, running, jumping, duetting, dancing solo or all together. And at each turn, a

voice called out, and the change was quicksilver.

One could call this piece the many faces of dance - light romantic, light fantastic too, but basically a demonstration of body language and its limitless range of expression.

OF COURSE, some of Ailey's works - like *Streeks*, for instance - can be done by other companies without loss of what may be called patina; but who else would be able to do *Revelations*?

As for *Blues Suite*, it was a model of

how to treat raffish themes so that they include a measure of fantasy amid the realities. The noise of a passing train immediately revealed that the people were "on the other side of the track." The movement suggested that they were sometimes a work force, sometimes the unemployed, suffering women, fierce black apaches. Yet there were also comic elements - in fact, there was fun as well as folly in these lives.

The Stack-Up, by Talley Beatty, didn't achieve this - and that is strange, for in earlier works like



Alvin Ailey's American Dance Theatre perform George Faison's 'Suite Otis'.

AILEY ALL THE WAY

Come and Get the Beauty of it Hot (1960), he had the knack. Here his statement was too blunt, too matter-of-fact and, in the crowd passages, sometimes too overworked.

Ulysses Dove's *Bad Blood* never came up to the promise of its title, though making its statements with clear-cut confidence. Elisa Monti's *Treading* (music: Steve Reich) was an intricate duet of contact dance; but it left doubts as to whether the communicative effect was due to the choreographic devices or whether the two excellent dancers (Carl Bailey and Deborah Manning) were responsible for infusing it with meaning.

SO, WITH THE new works as with the old, it was Ailey, Ailey all the way to powerful creation. In both the new works he showed a new turn. The sense of theatre was as always there in the dance movements he devised, but now it was exploited in a new channel.

To the mood music of Andreas Vollenweider, *Caverna Magica* ventured into exotic, eastern climes. A goddess, looking so tall that she seemed to be held up by someone else, invoked or enchanted a group of people who moved into fervid action. The men's costumes were rather like those of *Le Corsaire*. The women could have stood in for Scheherazade. Arm movements and belly-dancing made the geography vague. Yet there was no pastiche about these references: it was just a new Ailey phase, an exploration of mystery.

Survivors (music: Max Roach), jointly choreographed by Ailey and

Mary Barnett, his associate artistic director, took on a political significance, because of its dedication to Nelson and Winnie Mandela; but it was essentially dance-drama with empathic mime. The man who stood behind a wall of bars and the woman who danced with him even when those bars separated them could be anywhere in this troubled world.

Because of its highly emotive content, judgment of its values as dance was difficult. But Dudley Williams and Shurrell Mesh projected the anguish of their separation, and a small group reflected that agony like a chorus, as well as the rage of their own frustration. But if they were intended to represent the South African black population, their caps were wrong - more Russian than African.

One other "golden-oldie" of Ailey's work included in some programmes was the solo *Cry* (1971), danced this time by April Berry. Her work was strong, impressive - if you hadn't seen Donna Wood when the company was here last time.

At the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv (September 16), she was fully in command of the complicated, strenuous movement and the eloquence of the bravado passages. What was missing was the heart of *Cry*, its inner train, its impulsive force. Yet it was an outstanding performance, and really, the company had no weak link, no weak moment.

Ailey is quoted as saying, "Dancing is not so much the steps but what you do going from one step to another step. That you can't teach. It's the rubato of the black body."

That sums it up. □

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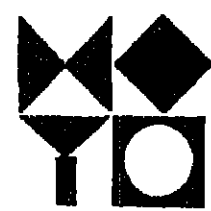
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this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

OPENING EXHIBITION - TUES. Oct. 6 at 5 pm: CAPTIVE DREAM: JERUSALEM 1967. Photographs documenting Jerusalem before and after the Six Day War. **3500 Years of Chinese Art - Colorful glazes, astonishing shapes and ceramic sculpture from the Arthur M. Sackler Collections (Sportus Hall) (Until Oct. 31).** Tradition and Revolution: The Jewish Renaissance in Russian Avant-Garde Art - Creative period during Russian revolution (Nash Old Masters Gallery). Boris Aronson (1898 - 1980) Kiev to New York - Shaporo d'ore, sculptures, collages (Florence & Isidore M. Cohen Gallery). (Until Oct. 5). **EMPHASIS - Arieh Aroch, Michael Gross, Israel Tamar, Works from the Museum's in-depth collections, (Ayala Zacks Artwork Pavilion).** Edomita Shirine - Discoveries from Qumran in the Negev (Library Entrance Hall). **News in Antiquities '87 - Recent Israeli finds on view for the first time (Archaeological Gallery).** Special Exhibit: Priestly Benediction on Silver Scrolls. (Near Hecht Script Pavilion). **Nogah, 1987, Magdalena Abakanowicz (Billy Rose Art Garden).** PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS OF ARCHAEOLOGY, HERITAGE, ETHNIC ART AND SHRINE OF THE DOCK WITH THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.

MUSEUM HOURS

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Tues. Main Museum: 4 - 10 pm, Shrine of the Book: 10 am - 10 pm.
Yom Kippur eve & Yom Kippur: Fri. Sat. Oct. 2 & 3 CLOSED.
Succot eve & Succot: Wed. Thurs. Oct. 7 & 8: 10 am - 2 pm.
Library: Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Tues. 4 - 8 pm; (Succot Wed. Thurs. Oct. 7 & 8: Closed).
Graphic Study Room: Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11 am - 1 pm; Tues. 4 - 8 pm.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

(No Tours: Holidays, Saturdays, afternoons on holiday eves.
Main Museum - Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11 am, Sun. 3 pm, Tues. 4:30 pm.
Shrine of the Book - Sun. 1:30 pm, Tues. 3 pm.
Archaeology - Mon. 3 pm, Wed. 1:30 pm. Heritage - Thurs. 3 pm.

ALL ACTIVITIES IN HEBREW UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED

LECTURE

Tuesday Sept. 6 at 8 pm News in Antiquities 87.

FILM CLUB (In English or with English subtitles)

Sat. Oct. 3 and Thurs. Oct. 8 at 7 & 9.15 pm, Wed. Oct. 7 at 2 pm: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (USA 1986) Dir. Woody Allen.

YOUTH WING (Hours same as Museum)

Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. at 11 am and 12.15 pm; Shadow Theatre (ages 5-10) "Rama's Adventures".
Wondrous India - Puppets, games, toys, videos and participatory activities.
Toy Sculptures - Ahrale Ben-Arie. For children and adults.
Puppets & Story Hour - Tues. at 4:30 pm; Picture Book Program (In English) Wed. 4 pm.
Feinstein Recycling Room: Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm; Succot 10 am - 2 pm.
"MIM" Resnick Teacher's Training Center (Tel. 698260 for details).
Youth Wing Library Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 2 - 5 pm; Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
Registration for Courses for adults, youth and children at Youth Wing Office on Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 12 noon - 2 - 4 pm. Tel: 633278, 638940.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL (ROCKEFELLER) MUSEUM

Sun. - Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm. Holiday hours same as Museum.
Guided tour in English: Sun. & Wed. 11 am.
Crusader Art - Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem sculpture from the 12th - 13th Centuries.
Animals in Ancient Art: The Loo Mildenberg Collection - Spanning 5,000 years.

TICHO HOUSE

7 Harev Kook Street. (Hours same as Museum. Closed Saturdays and Holidays).

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Theatre Naomi Doudai



Moliere moves to an unexpected milieu, the casualty ward of an Israeli hospital, at the Khan. (Aliza Auerbach)

SLACK MOLIERE MUSCLE

Rofe Baal Koko (Le Médecin Malgré Lui) by Molière, translated by Ada Ben-Nahum. Directed by Dan Ronen.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS were raised by the Khan's announcement of yet another transmogrification of a Molière masterpiece, a culture-to-culture transference that would not only take the play out of its period, but transport it to novel topography, as well as an unexpected milieu - the casualty ward in a hospital in 20th-century Israel.

It bristled with promise for a new start to the Khan's latest refurbishing under the new broom of its latest director, Amit Gazit. To begin with, all went off as well as promised. Dan Ronen's contemporary concept, where patients with broken bones hop about to the beat of a metal-studded, leather-carapaced rockin' lover, seemed, on the physical side, to be a satisfactory substitute for the original pastie farce and commedia dell'arte slapstick.

The idea in itself sounded extraordinarily good. But as the show rolled on, it became increasingly clear that Ronen's primary concern was with Molière as mod entertainment; that is to say, with a structure of showbiz effects based on the battle of the sexes. It did so at the expense of the far more sophisticated structure which, in Molière's work, lends the drama is deeper dimension, a structure of universal human absurdities.

In fact, this production functions as an illustration of how, under damp direction, an almost word-for-word translation can lose much of its Molièrian muscle, and misfire in a parade of platitudes. For the battle of the sexes is only one of several sub-themes, all of which are exploited in the original to underline the satirical intent and eternalize the play's significance.

These go beyond the gesture of scoffing at marriage as an institution, or the demonstration of a henpecked husband's transformation into master, beyond even the target of medicine as mercenaries - the doctors of the time were no less negligent, no less capable of cupidity, than those of today - but pursues the study of humankind in an explosion of ironic humour that ranges deeper than ver-

bal and knockabout exchange on stage.

For what the misanthropic Molière represents here is a world of fools, on account of whom the biggest fool of them all can ultimately triumph. Setting out as satire, it culminates in a study of human credulity and gullibility, an emphasis that is displaced here by the determination to entertain at any cost.

All this goes to prove that all the speed and slapstick in the world, even actors run amok among the audience, will not save a production that sidesteps the author's purpose and moral, rather than fun, intention.

TRUE, in the original, the accent to begin with is: who's master here - he or she? He is a woodcutter (here the hospital handyman), a winebag and a gasbag, a wench, wife-beater as well as lecher, who eats her out of house and home. She swallows all the bashing and the beatings, mistaking blows for tokens of affection - until the day she doesn't. That day, she decides she's had enough; and starts out on the path of vengeance. She's going to make him pay. (The first sign of weakness was when the director allows his Martine to skip this subtle turning-point, without a hint of explanation or interpretation.)

On the road, she is confronted by a rich man's servants, combing the countryside for an unconventional cure for their master's sick daughter, so far wrongly treated by a multitude of town doctors. Martine hangs the mantle of miracle-worker on her spouse who, she insists, will have to be taken by force and beaten before he will admit to his wondrous powers.

Her plans for revenge, however, take an unexpected turn. The cunning Sganarelle evades punishment and prospers. He twigs that Lucinda is only playing the "dumb" daughter, and that she is escaping from a repugnant marriage to a man of her father's choice.

Sganarelle diagnoses the "sickness of the spirit" for what it really is, a case of as yet unfulfilled love. He prescribes a remedy that makes her talk: parrot food. But with the dumb wife cured, Papa would give anything to have her speechless again:

she becomes so obstreperous and impossible. In the original, with hilarious comic complications, even under temporary sentence of death, all ends happily for both the harassed couples, and, if the play has been projected with the proper satirical power, for the audience too, left to chew on the master's implied message about mankind.

EXCEPT for a few sequences in the later scenes, not much of the magnificence materialized here.

Gaby Amrani gives a witty, wily, dimpled-Yemenite version of Sganarelle, which worked wonderfully and matched any performance I can remember. In fact, this revival was fully justified, if only because it cast this fine actor in a part where he can exercise his true talent, something that happens too rarely with an ever-growing hinterland of ageing actors and actresses.

But no matter how great Amrani's virtuosity, it was too much to expect him to carry the whole show. On account of shaky stagecraft and organization, and uneven orchestration of the other characters, this is more or less what happened at the Khan.

Not that the rest of the cast, some of them still young and inexperienced, were untalented. What was lacking was the firm grip of good direction to correct fumbling performances set against those of an assured veteran.

While Arye Tchernar as Lucca, the halfwit hunk of a husband (Jacqueline's) at least gave the part of the clumsy, clowning, country bumpkin some vestige of incomprehensible argot, and Ilan Hazan rendered the rock-intoxicated lover, Léandre, with spastic verve and vitality, the latter's partner (Gili Ben-Ozilio) for all her eye-rolling, failed to project the underlying slyness and subtlety of Lucinde's malingering.

True, by its very nature, farce demands to be acted with movement of the actors' bodies. But dragged out to excess as in the case of Ben-Ozilio, or in that of Sari Tzuril (Martine), even more so, of Ora Myerson (Jacqueline), it amounts to an exercise of exaggerated mannerisms, and creates the sort of act that soon becomes tedious.

Musical notes Lea Levavi

SUCCOT SEEMS to be a popular time for chamber music in Israel. In addition to Musicamers outside Kibbutz Ein Hashofet and the Musica de Camera Music Festival in Old Jaffa, both mentioned in last week's Musical Notes, there will also be a chamber music festival in Kfar Sava during the Succot week to mark the town's 85th anniversary.

The Kfar Sava festival will consist of three concerts, on October 11, 13 and 15, all starting at 8:30 p.m. in the Culture Hall with opportunities to meet the performers more informally on the 12th and 14th.

The first concert will be devoted to "sonatas from Austria" with violinist Christian Altenburger and pianist Thomas Larcher, both young Austrians, playing sonatas by Beethoven, Schumann and Bartok. On the 13th, the focus will be on medieval, Renaissance and baroque music played by the Mandell Quartet of Budapest using a hurdy-gurdy, re-

corders, cello and voices. The concert on the 15th will be given by a prize-winning group of young musicians from Germany, the Albert Schweitzer Woodwind Quintet.

Some of these artists will also be appearing at the Old Jaffa festival.

THE ZAGREB SOLOISTS will be in Israel in November, for a series of six concerts in as many days. The first will be a gala concert at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv on November 11. On the 12th they will play at the Haifa Auditorium, the 13th in Carmiel, the 14th in Kfar Sava and on the 15th at the Jerusalem Theatre. Their last concert is in Beersheba. The programme will include *Nightwatch in Madrid* by Boccherini, concertos by Rameau and Janacek's Suite for Strings.

The 13 Zagreb Soloists who will be coming to Israel include nine who have been with the company since it was founded.

CHAMBER LOT

THE Cameran Singers' season, called "The Sound of Choirs" will begin on Monday (October 5) at the Tel Aviv Museum. The first concert in this ninth season will include the Monteverdi Choir from Hamburg conducted by Jurgen Jurgens, with works spanning five centuries of European choir music.

At the second concert, the conductor will be the famous British choir conductor John Aldis in a programme of masses and motets by William Byrd, Brahms, Britten, Purcell and others.

The Gesualdo Consort from Amsterdam will be the guest group at the next concert, performing madrigals by its Italian Renaissance namesake Weelkes, Schutz, Laurenzio, Monteverdi and others.

At the following concert, the

Cameran Singers will be conducted by Stephen Sloane in a most unusual programme with two Masses by Josquin des Prez and Poulenc, *Lamento d'Arianna* by Monteverdi and other compositions.

The Knabenchor from Hanover, founded in 1950 and now one of the world's best boys' choirs, will be featured at the fifth concert in this series under conductor Heinz Henning. They will sing motets by Bach and his sons, and works by Brahms, Mendelssohn and Schubert.

At the last concert in the series, the Cameran Singers will be conducted by Avner Itai and will sing works by Orlando di Lasso, Schumann and Aharon Harlap. A treat will be the *Sabbat Mater* by the famous Polish composer, Penderecki.

There will be an additional special concert featuring the legendary Dutch Chamber Choir conducted by John Aldis. The theme of this con-

cert will be peace and freedom, and works will include a Mass by Frank Martin. *Against the War* (text by Brecht and music by the East German composer Hans Eisler) and *Figure Humaine* by Poulenc.

AN EVENING in memory of pianist Riki Sperber will be held at Beit Ariella in Tel Aviv next Monday (October 5) at 7 p.m. Riki Sperber, who received her entire musical education in Israel, had specialized in chamber music until about three years ago, when she began a solo career. She died of cancer last month.

The Rinat Choir, whose musical director is her husband, Stanley Sperber, will sing Israeli folk songs and *Pirkei Tehilim* by Aharon Harlap, who will conduct the work. Pianist Jonathan Zisk and cellist Uzi Wiesel will also take part. The public is invited.

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Bridge Hanan Sher

FREE ENTERPRISE is alive and well, even in the bridge world, normally dominated by national federations and local branches. We are speaking, specifically, about Shmuel Lieberman, Israel's only duplicate bridge entrepreneur.

Lieberman, who operates out of the Kfar Hamaacabiah branch of the Israel Bridge Federation, is in the bridge business. He sells books and duplicate bridge equipment, he teaches and organizes bridge classes, and he runs bridge tournament-weekends, called *nifshonim* in the local lingo.

One of the most successful of the *nifshonim* is the now-annual Rosh Hashana tournament at the Jerusalem Hilton. Last weekend's fifth renewal of that competition attracted a large crowd - more than 130 entries in the Shimon Mintz Open Pairs, about 60 tables in the Miriam Mizrahi teams-of-four, and 74 pairs in the Jerusalem Hilton mixed pairs. Even more notable was the large number of relative newcomers Lieberman brought to the tournament (a result of his aggressive, and effective, bridge-teaching programme), and the number of players who

THE LONG WEEKEND

brought their spouses, children, and in some cases grandchildren, along for the fun.

The congenial family atmosphere meant that a good time was had by all - including those who did not do well. But there was also some bridge at the weekend. This hand, from the second session of the open pairs, is virtually a double dummy problem, though it did not seem that way at the start.

We cannot argue too much with the bidding; North-South each had opening bid values, and there should have been some kind of play for game. The lead of a heart to the queen (in spade was discarded from dummy) gave declarer little hint that the distribution was going to be unusual, and he began to count tricks. There were two, or more, tricks available in clubs, two in diamonds, two in hearts and one in spades. And there was a lot of work to be done. If the diamond queen "sit," he might be able to make

North
♠K873
♥none
♦KJ972
♣KQJ2

West
♠J5
♥KJ987
♦none
♣A98765

East
♠A1092
♥103
♦Q108654
♣10

South
♠O64
♥AO6542
♦A3
♣43

The bidding:
North East South West
1♣ Pass 1♥ Pass
2♣ Pass 2NT Pass
3♣ Pass 3NT Pass

enough tricks in that suit to land his contract.

But first, he had to get the clubs going. So at Trick Two, he led a small club to dummy's jack. That held, and South still had no inkling

that there was anything unusual about the distribution.

The first hint came when South returned to his hand with a diamond to the ace, and West discarded a small spade. That meant that East had been dealt six diamonds, and that finesses in that suit were just not going to work.

The hand had suddenly become more difficult, but things might still be all right. There was nothing better to do, at this point, than to lead a club to the king or queen. That is what South did, West following low and the queen being played from dummy.

South now got his second surprise (not as big as the first one), when East showed out, discarding a spade. Now South had some information to work on: it seemed likely that West was long in the round suits, hearts and clubs, and that the spades were going to break relatively well. It also seemed likely that the spade ace was in the East hand,

judging by West's discard. So he led a spade to the king and West's jack. If that was a true card, and there was no reason to believe that it was not, the distribution was clear. West had two spades, no diamonds, and six clubs - and, therefore, five hearts. That meant that East was 4-2-6-1, and end-playable.

The remaining cards, as South saw them correctly, were like this: South's first task was to remove the exit card, and prepare for the throw-in. He cashed the ace of hearts, discarding a club from dummy while both opponents followed, and played a spade. He was pleased to see West show out, and rose with the queen. East, firmly in the vise, won the ace, cashed his good spade, and played the diamond queen. That was won, and a small diamond from dummy put him in again to make a second fatal diamond lead. That gave South his contract, with two clubs, one spade, two hearts, and four diamonds.

South was reluctant to accept partner's congratulations. "It was no problem to play the hand," he said. "It was as if all the cards were laid out before me."

Matters of taste Yoram Kessel

PASTRY CHIEF



Tsa'ad Temani (Yemenite Step). Off 11 Yoel Salomon Street, Jerusalem. Open Sun-Thurs daily 11.00-24.00 and Saturday evenings. Diner's Club, Kosher.

I REALIZE that nowadays we are supposed to applaud the preservation of separate ethnic traditions. But I can't help hankering after the old idea of the melting pot. Still, when it comes to food I do accept that what we learnt at mother's knee is very much worth preserving as an independent tradition, far more than other codes of ethnic behaviour.

It was thus with some excitement that we discovered this week a truly ethnic restaurant in Jerusalem's downtown restaurant district - that warren of narrow alleyways off Zion Square heading towards Independence Park.

Off Yoel Salomon street in a nameless alley reputed to be Simat Katzin Ha'ir, a small, new place featuring entirely Yemenite dishes has just opened - less than a month ago we were told. And if you've never tasted the delights of *malawah* or are a disadvantaged Jerusalemite, a city bereft of this splendid Yemenite pastry, then this restaurant is a real find.

Located in a refurbished old building, it is certainly well sited in the Nahlat Shiva quarter, the second suburb to be settled in the 1860s by Jews outside the Old Walls. The high arched ceilings and the garbled

walls have been pleasantly white-washed and there has been no stinting on ethnicity in terms of other decorations including photos of old men in traditional dress. The piped music is pleasantly contemporary soft Israeli pop and the service was pleasant if still rather apprentice-like.

The customary hummus and tchena for starters were both very good and were made even more interesting by the kind of bread available, both variants of pitta. The *sahuf* is a flat bread rather like the *eish tanur* pita but not as dry, while the *lechuch* is something really special; it was described to us at first as a pitta with holes but it was really like a puffed-up pancake and very tasty even on its own.

The *lechuch* evoked visions of maple syrup and had we been more daring or less committed to the discovery of real *malawah* we might have gone in for a honey version of the main course. But having tired of travelling to Rehovot's Sha'arayim neighbourhood to partake of the Yemenite speciality we were not going to be perverse now and pass up on a Jerusalem *malawah*.

THE FRIED, puffy-style crepe must be eaten hot, straight out of the pan so we perhaps too readily forgave the fact that the various versions of the dish arrived even before the hors-d'oeuvre. For my money the best way to enjoy the dish is in very nearly its purest form - the dough

itself, garnished only by hard-boiled egg and tahina which one adds in the required amount to taste, plus the excellent tomato puree. For some reason this is always designated as "hot" but it is totally distinct from regular oriental *harif* and is actually only chopped-up fresh tomatoes ground into a paste together with mild seasoning.

The *malawah*, spread with filling, can either be rolled up and eaten like a sandwich or consumed eaten more delicately with knife and fork. Either way, it was delicious.

The menu also offered three filled and cooked variations called *milit*, to quote the neatly hand-written menu, which wonders of wonders had nary a mistake in its English rendition. The three fillings were chicken, meat or spinach and the latter, which we tried, proved extremely good and very very filling.

We were absolutely stuffed by now so that when the beef soup we had originally ordered finally arrived, it was too late to do justice to it. With heavy chunks of meat adorning the massive bowl it would have made a full meal in itself. Not surprisingly, given our preoccupation with the *malawah*, the soup proved too serious an undertaking. Perhaps in time they will get the order of the order correct.

There was interesting *gesheer* Yemenite tea or coffee with special *chanayig* spice to complete the meal since no one was inclined to try one of the two pastries offered as dessert.

In truth this is a place suited for a single course. A *malawah* on its own makes a hearty meal and even hungry diners will come out most satisfied.

With two rounds of soft drinks the bill worked out at around NIS 20 a head.

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EXHIBITION
1. JEWS ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON, PHOTOGRAPHS: SERGIO ZALIS - in the Grunstein-Shamir Hall (starting October 5, 1987).
2. DAVID BEN-GURION AND THE JEWISH PEOPLE - in the Lady Sarah Cohen Exhibition Hall.

EVENTS
1. Screening of the film "La Passante de Sans Souci" based on the book by Joseph Kessel. Actors: Michel Piccoli, Romi Schneider. The film is in French with Hebrew and English subtitles.
Sunday, October 4, 1987, at 7:00 pm.
Tickets: NS 5; for members of the Association of Friends NS 4.
2. Opening ceremony of the exhibition "Jews on the Banks of the Amazon, Photographs: Sergio Zalis." Participants: Prof. Elvatar Friesel, Marcos Wasserman, Adv. Sergio Zalis. Moderator: Aharon Doron.
Monday, October 5, 1987, at 8 pm.
3. Reminiscences and Reflections on the Persecution of Jewish Writers in USSR in 1948. A study evening in Yiddish in cooperation with the Association of Yiddish Writers in Israel. Participants: Joseph Kerler, Eliezer Podriachik, Yecheskel Polerovitz, Nohama Lifshitz.
Tuesday, October 6, 1987, at 7 pm.

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Chess Yitzhak Liss

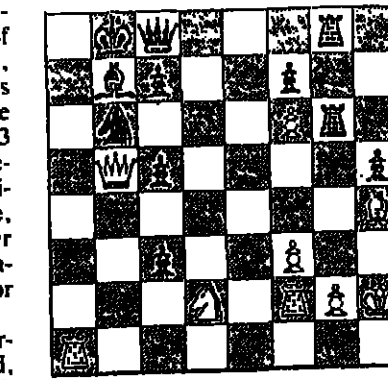
VICTOR KORCHNOI walked away with 16 wins - almost 70 per cent of the total games played - in the Inter-zonal Chess Competition held recently in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Two champions, Jan Eliševic of the USSR and the U.S.'s Seirawan, followed in second and third places respectively. The three will compete in a tournament to open January 23 in Canada and the outcome will decide who will play the world champion. Who that champion will be, should be settled after October when the reigning champion, Kasparov, will play Karpov in Spain for the world title.

The Israeli contestant in the inter-zonal games, Yehuda Grunfeld, won 8.5 points and reached eighth to eleventh place. After a week start, Grunfeld recovered and gained 3.5 points in the last four games and finished up in the centre of the table.

THE ISRAEL chess champion Natan Birnboim won the weekend chess contest held at Rishon LeZion recently, earning 4.5 points in 5 games and coming ahead of Yona Koshavvili of Holon with 4 points.

OFFICIAL registration for the chess leagues is in the final stages and the inclusion of several teams - from the kibbutzim, the Arab sector and from over the Green Line is already known. Especially striking is Hapoel Tel Aviv's rise to prominence in the National League only a year after it first started out. Now the team has its eyes on the state

CHAMPS



championship. The team has already been bolstered by the addition of the Israeli master Yisrael Gelfer and Eliahu Shvidler, and has put out feelers for Israel champion Natan Birnboim to join as well.

THE IDF's chess champion of the last two years, Gad Rechlis of Beersheba, is one of our most promising young players. This summer, he scored one of his greatest successes, coming in first place in the Berlin tourney, ahead of first-rank grand masters - who fell short by only five points of the standard they required in order for Rechlis to achieve the first grade towards the grand master title.

The following table shows Rechlis's neat victory over Hungarian Grand Master Farago last year in a game played in Beersheba.

WHITE: I. FARAGO
COUNTRY: HUNGARY
BLACK: G. RECHLIS
COUNTRY: ISRAEL

No.	White	Black
1.	d2-d4	e7-e6
2.	c2-c4	Ng8-f6
3.	Ng1-f3	b7-b6
4.	Nb1-c3	Bf8-b4
5.	Bc1-g5	Bc8-b7
6.	e2-e3	h7-h6
7.	Bg5-h4	Bb4-c3+
8.	b2-c3	d7-d6
9.	Bf1-d3	Nb8-d7
10.	0-0	Qd8-e7
11.	Nf3-d2	g7-g5
12.	Bh4-g3	h6-h5
13.	h2-h4	Rh8-g8
14.	f2-f3	0-0
15.	h4-g5	Rg8-g5
16.	Bg3-h4	Rg5-g7
17.	Rf1-f2	Rd8-g8
18.	Qd1-e4	Kc8-b8
19.	e3-e4	Qe7-e8
20.	0-0	d6-c5
21.	Bd3-b5	Qe8-c8
22.	e4-e5	a7-a6
23.	e5-f6	a6-b5
24.	Qa4-b5	Rg7-g6
25.	a2-a4	e6-e5
26.	a4-a5	e5-d4
27.	a5-b6	Nd7-b6
28.	Kg1-h2	d4-c3
29.	Nd2-f1	Qc8-f5
30.	g2-g3	Rg6-g4
31.	Qb5-e2	Rg4-b4
32.	Nf1-c3	Qf5-e5
33.	f3-f4	Qe5-e4
34.	Ne3-c2	Rb4-b2
35.	Ra1-e1	Qe4-e2

The poster

OCTOBER 2-8

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

LES MISERABLES - A Cameri Theatre musical production of Victor Hugo's famous novel about the Parisian underworld. Translation by Ehud Manor. With Shlomit Aharon, Tal Amir, Riki Gal, Tiki Dayan, Avi Toledano, Lior Yayni, Albert Cohen and Duda Fisher. (Shervin Theatre, Thursday, 8 p.m.)

RAT HUNT - By Peter Torini. Social satire in a municipal garbage dump. (Khan, Sunday, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ABANDONED PROPERTY - By Shulamit Lapid. Directed by Aharon Almog. A Cameri Theatre production dealing with power in the family and the conflict between a mother and her two daughters. (Tzavta, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

BIG AS THE ROOM - A woman's inner world unfolds through telephone conversations. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday, 11 p.m.)

THE CAREERIST - By Yoram Gai. Directed by Dorit Yerushalmi. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 9 p.m.; Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.)

CHAMDO AND SON - Tragi-comedy about two street sweepers and their night journey through the streets of a strange city in search of justice. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimtah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow, 9:30 p.m.)

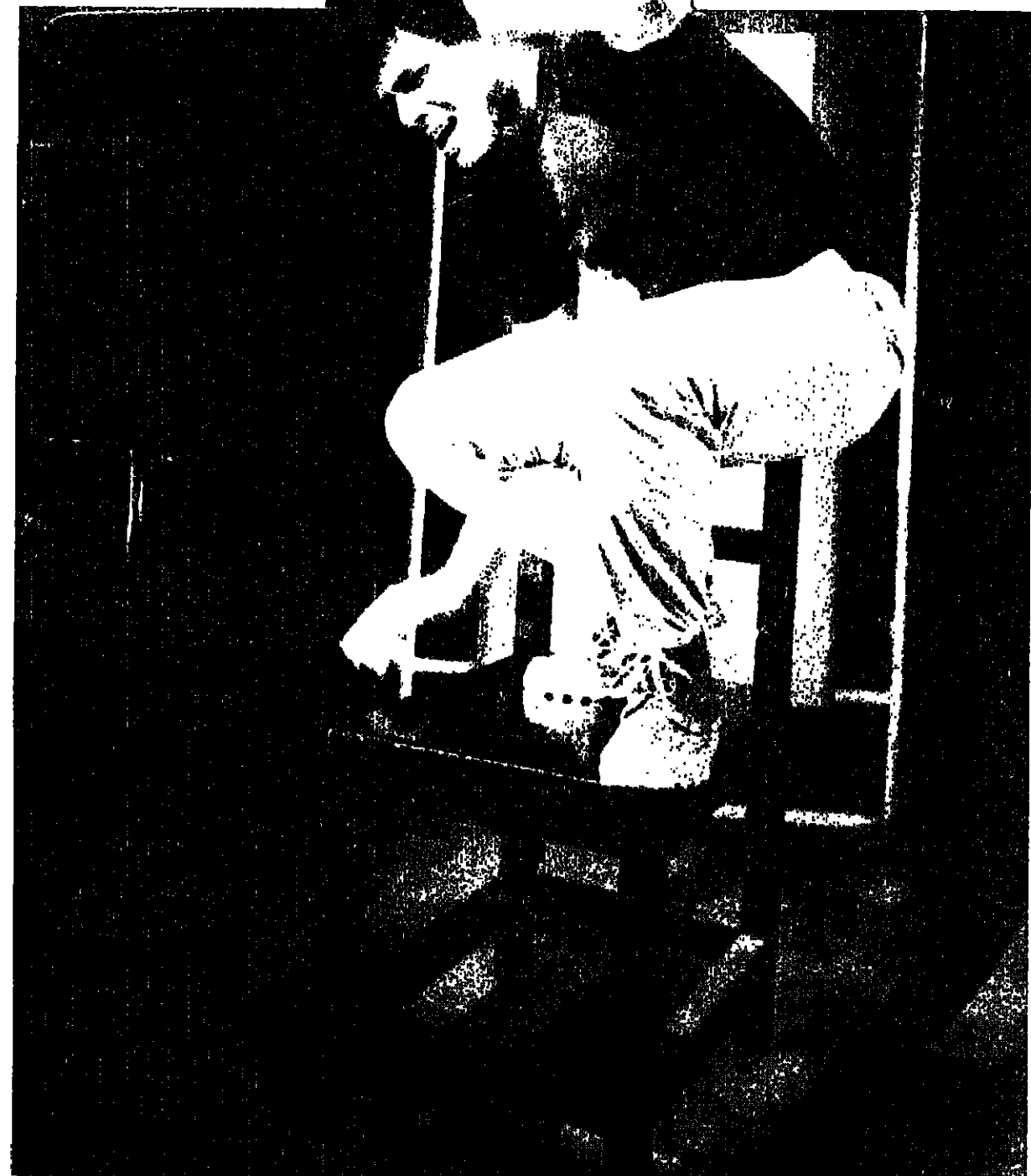
FAMILY ALBUM - By Naftali Yavin. Directed by Hana Yavin. An ordinary family discovers the dangers of dully routine and loss of values. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

GROS CALIN - Satire by Emile Ajar. Hasimtah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Thursday, 10 p.m.)

HAPPY DAYS - By Beckett. Directed by Geza Partos. Performed by Thy 81 Studio, in English. (1 Tiberias, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

HER FATHER'S SUMMER - Monodrama with Cilla Almagor, based on an extract from her autobiography. The 10-year-old daughter of Holocaust survivors comes home from boarding school to spend the summer with her insane mother. A Beit Liessin/Haifa Municipal Theatre production, directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Liessin, tomorrow, 9:30 p.m.; Thursday, 9 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier



Itzik Weingarten plays a wounded U.S. soldier in 'Johnny Got His Gun,' Tel Aviv Tzavta, Sunday.

(Rahel Hirsch)

wounded during WWI. With Itzik Weingarten. (Tzavta, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

THE MAINTENANCE MAN - Comedy by Richard Harris about a man's relationships with his ex-wife and girlfriend. (Beit Liessin, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

ORPHANS - Interesting things happen when a rich elegant man enters the lives of two orphans living on the fringe of society. Directed by Ilan Eldad. (Beit Liessin, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

PATIO - Short play by J. Heifner; Olyenka, monologue by Chekhov, directed by Geza Partos. By Thy 81 Studio, in English. (1 Tiberias, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

PAULA - Monodrama by Motti Lerner. Directed by Ram Levi. With Edna Fliedel. The character of Ben-Gurion revealed through the eyes of his wife. (Tzavta, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

SKIN - By Enula Shamir and Noga Eshed. About a troubled father-daughter relationship. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday, 10 p.m.)

Halfa

HER FATHER'S SUMMER - See T.A. (Theatre Club, Monday, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

Others

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX - By Hana Levi. Comedy in verse with Miriam Gavriel. (Sde Boker, Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.)

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Tel Aviv area

THE SOUND OF CHOIRS - Concert in the series: The Monteverdi Choir (Hamburg) conducted by Jurgen Jurgens. Music from 16th century till today, by Sermisy, Monteverdi, Brahms, Borla, Poulenc, Dallapiccola, Ligeti, others. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday, Tuesday, 12 Sava, Sapir, Thursday)



Johanan Ben-Yankov: wooden wall relief. (Old Jaffa Gallery, Old Jaffa)

DANCE

BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY - Works by choreographers Choo San Goh, Jo Perry, Mauricio Wainrot. (Bat-Dor Theatre, Monday 8:30 p.m.) Works by choreographers Choo San Goh, Lar Lubovitch, Mauricio Wainrot. (Bat-Dor Theatre, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)



Poetry reading with Yaron London.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at the Post's offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



The princess and her suitor in 'Golden Hairs,' Train Theatre, Monday.

Sunday through Wednesday, 11 a.m., 12:15 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE - Puppet Theatre about a gosling who is kidnapped by a sly fox. For ages 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday, 11 a.m., 12:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE - The story of a little girl's triumph over a wicked magician. With songs, tricks, and magic. Written and directed by Goren Agmon. (Beit Liessin, Sunday, 5 p.m.; Thursday, 10:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m.)

CREATIVITY WORKSHOP - "Meet Your House - The Paintings." A three-hour workshop for grades 1-4, to get to know and understand paintings and bring them to life through movement, sound and materials. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday through Tuesday, 3:30-6:30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

THE FROG PRINCE - Ilan Suvir's Puppet Theatre presents a vivid adaptation with hand and shadow puppets. Ages 6 and above. (Israel Museum, Monday, 11 a.m.)

GOLDEN HAIRS - By the Train Theatre. Story of a boy who wants to marry the king's daughter. Ages 5 and above. (Train Theatre, Monday, 4 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS - With Betzy Diamant. Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, Wednesday, 4 p.m.)

PUPPETS AND STORY HOUR - With Michal Barzel. Ages 3-8. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.)

RAMA'S ADVENTURES - Shadow theatre, based on ancient Indian story. For ages 5-10. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing,

Friday

16.30 - **The Fly**; feature film on METV about wild atoms. Leading the cast are Vincent Price and Patricia Owens.

Saturday

21.30 - **Seven Days in October**, ITV documentary commemorating the 14th anniversary of the Yom Kippur War.

22.30 - **Personal Screen**, ITV. Ehud Manor's guest is Knesset Member and former partisan fighter Haiké Grossman.

23.00 - **Murrow**, two-part docudrama on ITV based on the career of legendary CBS broadcaster Ed Murrow, with Daniel Travanti in the title role.

Sunday

18.45 - **Innovations and Inventions**, weekly magazine on advancements in science, technology, medicine, agriculture and the stratosphere. The focus this time is on a plastic plane which is stronger than metal, but incredibly light. ITV Arabic.

20.30 - **Small Claims Court**, ITV. The television studio becomes a court room for genuine cases and the court's decision is binding on the parties involved.

23.30 - **Alfred Hitchcock Presents**, suspense series on ITV, "Beast in View." A woman answers the telephone and hears a threat on her life. The voice belongs to her husband, who was killed four years earlier in a road accident.

Monday

14.05 - **Contact**, ETV, educational series explaining terms we take for granted such as light, voice, distance.

22.00 - **Free Entry**, ITV talk show broadcast from the Khan Theatre in Jerusalem. Programme host Menashe Raz explores "Who Runs What."

Tuesday

14.00 - **Comets Among the Stars**, feature film, ETV.

14.30 - **Africa Screams**, feature film METV. Bud Abbott and Lou Costello go on safari in this uproarious, rib-tickling comedy.

17.30 - **Three, Four, Five and a Half**, ITV. Dramatisation of the famous children's tale by Levin Kipnis, "The Flying Succa."

18.32 - **Points of Origin**, ITV Arabic.

Wednesday

9.40 - **The Witches and the Grinnygog**, six-part drama series on ETV.

10.30 - **Blue Line**, poignant story on ETV about a sensitive boy whose wealthy father pushes him towards achievements beyond his grasp.

13.55 - **Till the Clouds Roll By**, feature film on ETV based on the life of the great American musician and composer Jerome Kern.

16.30 - **Bugsy Malone**, a drama with an unexpected cast. ITV.

18.00 - **I Love Quincey**, musical documentary spanning the long career of one of America's best-loved music men, Quincey Jones, ITV Arabic.

19.05 - **Dahn and I**, Radio Network Two. Singer Hava Alberstein tells of the special relationship which exists between her family and writer Dahn Ben Amotz.

20.00 - **Blotches**, musical comedy produced by the Youth Department of Israel Television in conjunction with the Education Department of the Tel Aviv Municipality. ITV.

21.15 - **This is Your Life**, part one of ITV's tribute to The Duda'im.

22.05 - **The Dybbuk**, radio dramatisation of Ansky's famous classic, performed on Radio Network One by The Warsaw Yiddish Theatre.

22.15 - **Smokey and the Bandit**, feature film on ITV starring Burt Reynolds.

Thursday

11.05 - **Words that Touch the Heart**, Radio Network One. Panel discussion on L.I. Singer's *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, Radio Network One.

13.05 - **Early Salvation**, Radio Network Two. Kobi Barkai speaks to aspiring young actors and singers who have received scholarships to help them on their career courses.

16.30 - **S.O.B.** - Parody on a great Hollywood producer in the aftermath of a flop, ITV.

20.00 - **The 20th Hassidic Song Festival**, ITV.

21.15 - **A Mission to My People**, special Succot programme, ITV.

23.00 - **The Year Ahead**. Nava Savyon interviews astrologist Ilan Pecker, Radio Network Two.

...and next Friday

10.30 - **David Copperfield**, film adaptation of the classic work by Charles Dickens, ETV.

16.30 - **Buffalo Bill**, film about the famous hero of the American West, METV.

22.15 - **Annie Hall**, feature film, ITV.

Friday, October 2 -

Friday, October 9



Daniel Travanti plays legendary journalist Ed Murrow, ITV tomorrow night.

YOM KIPPUR is the only day of the year in which Israeli radio and television stations are silent. Transmission will cease in the mid-afternoon on Friday and broadcasts will resume between 19.30 and 20.00 on Saturday.

THE THREE central policy-makers in the Yom Kippur War are no longer alive to defend themselves from blame for the terrible casualties Israel suffered. Perhaps for this very reason, ITV's analysis of *Seven Days in October* at 21.30 on Saturday can free itself of emotion and base its reasoning on fact. Golda Meir, then defence minister Moshe Dayan, and chief of military staff David Elazar were guilty of tragic errors in judgment - errors which caught Israel completely unprepared for the onslaught from across her borders.

In the hour-long programme which marks the 14th anniversary of the Yom Kippur War, ITV integrates archive footage with conversations with some of the people closest to Meir, Dayan and Elazar. Anchorman Yermiyahu Yovel will jog the memories of Lou Kedar, Golda's long-time personal secretary and friend; Yael Dayan, the defence minister's daughter; Thelma Elazar, the chief of staff's widow; as well as Mordechai Gazit, then director general of the Prime Minister's office; Naftali Lavie, Dayan's aide and spokesman; and Avner Shalev, the head of the chief of staff's bureau.

IT TOOK tremendous courage in the days when Senator Joe McCarthy busied himself branding hundreds of loyal Americans as communists, to publicly denounce the powerful politician. Journalist Ed Murrow had that kind of courage.

When others around him were ducking McCarthy's line of fire, Murrow went on television to tell the nation to take a stand against ruthless inquisitors of the McCarthy ilk. He was a reporter who stood up for the underdog, a man who valued justice but who believed that it should be tempered with compassion.

Murrow, the two-part series on the man who became a legend in his own life-time, begins at 23.00 on Saturday on ITV.

RALPH RICHARDSON, Alan Howard and Ni-

gel Havers play three medical researchers involved in a medical drama at the University of Toronto in 1921, where they join forces to find a cure for diabetes. The play from which the film was adapted was commissioned by producer Nicholas Palmer, who is himself a diabetic.

Comets Among the Stars, which will be presented at 14.00 on Tuesday on ETV, is based on a true story.

AFTER A six months' absence from the small screen, *Points of Origin*, ITV Arabic's studio confrontation between Jews and Arabs who share a common profession, makes a return at 18.32 on Tuesday. The panelists are all engaged in the venerable profession of match-making, and will note the contrasts and comparisons in marriage-broking in the Arab and Jewish communities.

IT PROBABLY isn't part of your vocabulary. After all, "grinnygog" is not the kind of word you use every day of the week, or even once a year for that matter.

A grinnygog is a stone idol dating back to pre-Christian culture, whose guardians were three white witches who narrowly escaped the flames of England's 17th-century witch hunt. *The Witches and the Grinnygog*, starring Paul Curtis, is a six-part children's film drama which begins on ETV at 9.40 on Wednesday.

A GANGSTER musical set in New York in 1929, *Bugsy Malone*, which will be presented on ITV at 16.30 on Wednesday, takes place in a world of would-be hoodlums, show-girls and dreamers. It is also a world devoid of adults. The cast is entirely made up of kids whose average age is around 12. Casting for the show took a year to complete.

The players, from all over the United States, were flown to Pinewood Studios in England where the production was filmed. The junior stars are Scott Ballo and Jodie Foster, dressed in grown-up clothes and playing very adult roles in this truly unique movie.

ONE OF THE most harmonious and longest-lasting singing twosomes in Israeli show business are Israel Gurion and Benny Am-durski, otherwise known as The Duda'im. In

(Continued on page 1)

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(Continued from page 1)

addition to the road which they have travelled together, each has made a career in his own right. Separately and together, they have brought enormous pleasure to millions of people in Israel and abroad.

Israel Television decided to say thank you by doing a **This is Your Life** on them, the first part of which will be shown at 21.15 on Wednesday.

WHEN A trucker named Bandit gets into a tangle with a nasty law enforcement officer, sparks tend to fly. The blend for **Smokey and the Bandit**, featuring at 22.15 on Wednesday on ITV, is a little laughter and a lot of excitement, with just a tiny tinge of romance for good measure. Burt Reynolds stars as the brash but likable Bandit, with Sally Field as the romantic interest.

JULIE ANDREWS and Larry Hagman star in **S.O.B.**, produced and directed by Blake Edwards, who also cast Andrews in the female lead role in *Victor Victoria* shown earlier this year on ITV.

Edwards apparently has a fancy for scripts that are show business-oriented. This time, he's dealing with a big-league film producer who lays an egg, decides to redesign the show and comes up with a sizzling cabaret. Viewing time is 16.30 on Thursday on ITV.

A TREAT for lovers of Hassidic songs is in store at 20.00 on Thursday with the screening on ITV of the **20th Hassidic Song Festival**. The musical event includes past festival win-



(Above) 'The Witches and the Ginnysgog.' (Below) 'Bugsy Malone.'

ners singing the songs which were voted the best in previous years. It's almost like getting married, something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.

THIRTY YEARS ago, a 100-member group of Israeli singers, dancers and others, most of them from the Kibbutz Movement, travelled to the Soviet Union to participate in an international festival aimed at peace and brotherhood. They came into contact with thousands of Russian Jews.

Though the Soviet authorities did everything in their power to prevent meetings with the Jews of the USSR, many such meetings did in fact take place. As a result of these encounters, numerous Russian Jews who had no previous Zionist inclinations joined clandestine aliya movements and thousands subsequently found their way to Israel.

Last week, some of them were reunited with most of those 100 Israelis at an emotional gathering at Ein Hemed. The reunion was organized and filmed by Israel Television. Emotions ran high and some will be shared at 21.15 on Thursday with television audiences who tune in to watch **A Mission to My People**.

EVERY YEAR, the electronic media turns to one of the country's better known astrologists to get a prediction for the year ahead. Radio Network Two's Nava Savyon picked on Ian Pecker, whose upcoming projections at 23.00 on Thursday will be intercut with recordings of predictions which he made last year. How accurate was he? Judge that for yourself by listening to Network Two's **The Year Ahead**. □

HOOVERED ON RADIO

GALEI ZAHAL, the army radio station, has just celebrated its 37th birthday. Its present to itself and to its listeners was a stronger central transmitter. The NIS 150,000 cost of strengthening the transmitter from 25 kw to 100 kw did not come out of the Defence Ministry's budget. It was a gift from one of the many wealthy businessmen who have been helping Galei Zahal to promote its image beyond the air waves.

Station director Nahman Shal is very strong on promotion. It was a bug he picked up during a five-year stint in Washington, where he was press counsellor at the Israel Embassy before returning home to serve as media adviser to past and present defence ministers Moshe Arens and Yitzhak Rabin. Two years ago, he was appointed by Rabin to replace Galei Zahal's commander Aluf-Mishne Ron Ben-Israel, who has since joined the afternoon daily *Yediot Aharanot*.

Technically, Shal is still an employee of the Israel Broadcasting Authority. He was Israel Television's military correspondent up to 1979, and is still on extended leave. Tipped as one of the leading candidates to head the projected commercial television channel, Shal says that project is still a long way off, and for now he would rather get a slice of the television action for Galei Zahal. That's not nearly as far-fetched as it seems.

With the assistance of spokeswoman Batya Shoshani, Shal has already mobilized contributions in the realm of \$800,000. Since reception has been weak in many areas, most of the money is being used to strengthen the station's 15 transmitters.

BUT INFRASTRUCTURE is a far more pressing concern than reception. The station has its headquarters in a converted Jaffa apartment block with no elevator. Shal's office is on the fifth floor. The stairs don't bother him, but the antiquated facilities do.

Most of the studios are between 15 and 20 years old, and the technology is out-dated or non-existent. For instance, there is no control system for the transmitter network. On its annual NIS 2.5m. budget, the station can't afford much in the way of improvements.

Shal's ambitions for Galei Zahal are slightly further afield - not in Jaffa but on a plot owned by the defence establishment, adjacent to Tel Aviv University. He wants to build a communications complex which will house the most sophisticated radio and television broadcasting facilities as well as a training centre. Galei Zahal, he asserts, is the only true school of journalism in Israel, and should be moved to premises where it can expand and gain some sense of future.

Galei Zahal veterans have no trouble finding jobs in the print media, Israel Radio and Israel Television. Shal says that he frequently gets calls from editors asking him to recommend a good person for a job slot which has just fallen vacant.

The station did not always have a good reputation for news. Often, it was well behind Israel Radio on news updates, but these days, it is well ahead. Augmenting Israel Radio's hourly news broadcasts, which are also relayed on the army radio station, Galei Zahal runs news flashes every hour on the half hour. If an event is of major national importance, everything that has been scheduled will be pushed aside for ongoing reports.

Shal is totally hooked on radio. He loves its flexibility and sense of immediacy, and these traits are important not only in news coverage. They are exploited as broadly as possible to bring listeners the sounds of Eilat, concerts from Tel Aviv's Hayarkon Park and Jerusalem's Sultan's Pool; week-end festivities around the Sea of Galilee - and other events as they happen.

This is made possible through the operation of five broadcasting vehicles, one of which is literally a studio on wheels.

COMPETITION from Galei Zahal has improved the quality of programmes at Israel Radio, and that, competition, in turn, has served to further improve Galei Zahal's performance.

Until September last year, Galei Zahal transmitted 24 hours a day - getting a five-hour edge on Israel Radio each morning. But to increase the variety of programmes, Shal split the broadcasting channel between AM and FM, adding five hours of broadcasts on week-days. Anyone who wants to hear only Hebrew songs, for instance, can tune in on Saturday at 9 a.m. and hear a straight 10-hour run without any disc jockey patter.

Recently Shal was taken to task by the upper echelons of the Broadcasting Authority for running the Galei Zahal jingle *Galei Zahal All The Time* after the Israel Radio news, thereby giving the false impression that the news-gathering had been done by Galei Zahal staffers. Neither the jingle, nor the sophisticated Galei Zahal logo existed before Shal's time. Galei Zahal has been annoying

the Broadcasting Authority in other ways as well. It even managed to upstage the country's 40th anniversary celebrations by running well in advance a weekly series called *The Making of a Nation*, highlighting events of 40 years ago.

Another series coming up is a set of marathon interviews to be conducted by Dan Patir, former media adviser to prime ministers Rabin and Begin. Patir will interview 10 people who made impressive and enduring contributions to nation-building. The list has not been finalized, but will include personalities such as Lova Ellav, Yosef Burg and Abba Eban.

Bravely is often more important on radio than it is in print. Galei Zahal some time ago introduced 80-second documentaries, packing a tremendous volume of information in a short listening span. The same format will be used for an upcoming series *Great Moments in the History of the State*.

The station has something for everyone - music, current affairs, sports, culture, art, comedy, nostalgia...even a kiddies' show. Its music selection includes everything - the classics, pop, folk, protest - and is so popular with listeners that Galei Zahal will soon introduce a Music Academy of the Air, similar to its University of the Air, in which experts will discuss different categories of music and their impact on society.

SHAL ATTRIBUTES the success of his whole enterprise to the high proportion of youth on Galei Zahal staff. The total work-force numbers 220 of which only 67 are civilians and 27 are members of the permanent army. All the rest are conscripts working in administrative, technical and journalistic posts. Only one per cent of those who apply to do their army service at Galei Zahal are accepted, after gruelling tests, and there are 1,500 applications a year, says Shal.

At the start of the war in Lebanon, Galei Zahal and Educational Television joined forces to present *A New Evening*, which concentrated on greetings to the people at home from the soldiers at the front. In previous wars most such greetings had been sent by radio. Galei Zahal's intensive relationship with *A New Evening* stopped long before the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Lebanon. But there is still an affinity of sorts. News flashes during the broadcast are read by Galei Zahal announcers, and two of the radio station's stars, Rafi Reshef and Ilana Dayan, are among the four regular hosts of *A New Evening*.

Shal says the next logical step is for Galei Zahal to become much more involved in television, not work from their own studios, not those of some other institution.

The construction cost for the new communications complex, which might accommodate TV, has been assessed at \$3 million, and like so many Israeli projects, the final figure may be a lot higher. There is no chance of get funds from the defence budget: just as the Defence Ministry doesn't interfere in the running of the station, it doesn't play angel to the dreams of its directors.

Shal will have to look elsewhere for the \$3 million. He hints that he doesn't have to look very far. A millionaire prominent in the leadership of world Jewry has indicated a willingness to fund Galei Zahal's entry into the 21st century. If everything works out, the complex may be ready for occupancy some time in 1990. □



Shal conducts The Monteverdi Choir in the first concert of The Sound of Choirs series. (Gunter Wolfson)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jaffa

RONOVY PASSES - With Roni Ronov, singer/songwriter. (Pargol, 9 p.m.)

FREE - Express yourself through all kinds of music. Moderators: Gidi, Miriam Iron. (ICCY, Emek 12, buses 18, 14, 4, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

ALL - The "Tat Meimad" trio plays jazz music plus pieces by Coltrane, Monk, Hancock, others. (Tzavia, Monday, 11 p.m.)

MELAVE MALKA - The Yehuda Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, 8:30 p.m.)

TRAVEL AGENT WE HAVE - A play of song and light patter with Yehuda and Yitzhak Atlas, recounting the Jewish people's 4000-year global history. (Moriah Hotel, Tuesdays, 9 p.m.)

PEOPLE ARE MINE - A hilarious comedy, based on the Book of Ecclesiastes and composed by Gladys Sela. In English. (Moriah Hotel, 9 p.m.; Hilton Hotel, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIK LAVIE - Sings to you and with you. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday, 10 p.m.)

"BOSSEM" - Israeli top rock band. Hard rock from '60s and '70s. (Rock Café, 92 Herbert Samuel, Sundays from 9 p.m.)

ENCOUNTER - Between Balid Olier, guitar, and Arale Kaminsky, drums, percussion. Flamenco, Latin American, Afro Cuban, Jazz and more. (Tzavia, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

GEORGE AND JEANNIE - Jeanne Rabin sings George Gershwin. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

"HAMASAD LE'YIDUACH LEUMI" - New comedy with Gudi Yagil and Moti Giladi. Directed by Israel Poliakov. (Kfar Sava, Amal, Wednesday, 10 p.m.)

JAZZ - No details available. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Wednesday, midnight)

MEIR ARIEL - Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Monday, 9 p.m.)

"OPERA SHIGAO" - (Lend Me a Tenor) A local production of Ken Ludwig's comedy of errors about a famous opera singer who comes to perform in a small town. A "Margalit" production. Starring Tuvia

Tasfir, Sasson Gabai, Osnat Vishinski, Mishu Natan, Nir Rabinowitz, Gilat Ankori, Itzik Aloni and Hanny Nahmias. (Ramat Gan, Orde, Wednesday, 10 p.m.; Rehovot, Wix, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

POETRY READING - Yaron London reads poems by leading Hebrew poets - Alterman, Orland, Zach, Rabinovitch, David Avidan, Yona Wallach, others - and tells stories about them. (Tzavia, Wednesday, 11 p.m.)

STAND UP COMEDY - Well-known local humorists improvise. With Shmuel Vilozhni, Rami Stern, others. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Thursday, 10 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - No details available. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Sunday, 10 p.m.)

WORLD HASSIDIC FESTIVAL - The representative group of the Hassidic Festival in a farewell performance before their world tour. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tomorrow, 9:15 p.m.; Netanya, Eilat, Sunday, 9 p.m.; Ramle, Heichal Hatarbut, Tuesday 9 p.m.)

OTHERS

APPLES OF GOLD - Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)



The Monteverdi Choir presents a programme of 16th-century to modern day choral music, starting Monday.

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM - Before and right after the Six Day War, seen by local photographers on both sides, selected by Vivienne Silver. From Tuesday. (Israel Museum.)

EMPHASIS - Much of the best of Arie Aruch, Igal Tumarkin and Michael Gross (Israel Museum.)

3500 YEARS OF CHINESE CERAMICS - over 350 superb examples from the Sackler Collection. Till Nov. (Sperius Galleries, Israel Museum.)

WONDROUS INDIA - Art and folk art, with dressing up for kids and Indian dancing and puppet shows. Till Dec. (Israel Museum Youth Wing.)

FELIX NUSSBAUM - Major collection of works by outstanding German-born painter deported to his death in 1944 after hiding from the Germans in Belgium. Till Oct. 18. (Holocaust Museum, Yad Vashem.)

AHARON KAHANA - A Gideon Ofrit review of an aspect of the late New Horizons pioneer. Till Oct. 13. (Jerusalem Artists House.)

IBRAHIM NUBANI - Abstract paintings by Acre-born Bezalet graduate. Through Sept. (Fisher Gallery, Mishkenot, Yemin Moshe.)

DAVID RAKIA - retrospective by veteran Jerusalem symbolist painter. Till Oct. 15. (Jerusalem Artists House.)

YEHUDA LEV ALDEMA - Collage paintings of pomegranates. Till Nov. 3. (Jerusalem Artists House.)

RENA BENDER - "Festivals and Seasons." Till Oct. 16. (Rehavia Gallery, Azu 12, Tel. 635582.)

MIXED BAG - Of works by Strichman, Kupferman, Hadany, Ben-Shaul, Nahum Gutman. (Shatz Gallery, Rehov Schatz, Tel. 223432.)

DRAWINGS - By Hans Ben-Haim, Zvi Tolkovsky, Rami Yotari, Pamela Levy, Michael Sgan-Cohen. Also "description" of works by six Israelis at this summer's Documenta in Kassel, Germany. Till Oct. 18. (Aika Brown Galleries, 6 Yad Harutim, Telport.)

IN ANOTHER MEDIUM - Works by Micha Ullman, David Ben-Shaul, Uri Lifshitz, Ofir Lelouch, Paul Kor and Dani Karavan in mediums other than their usual ones. From Sunday, till Nov. 15. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery.)

Tel Aviv area

TREASURES OF THE BIBLE LANDS - The Eli Borowski Collection of ancient archaeology from the Near East. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.) Tel. 257361.

SUPREME COURT BUILDING - is shown in its competition stage with accompanying architectural models and texts discussing the alternatives and the decisions. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

NEW BEZALEL - The Academy from 1935 to 1955. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

ROSA AND ARIEY DOBRON COLLECTION - of Israeli art by 75 painters and sculptors. (Yad Lebanim Museum, Petah Tikva, Tel. 9371313.)

DEGANIT BRENT, TZIBI GEVA, MICHAEL NEEMAN AND YASCHA CHIRINSKY - Recent works. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel. 295473.)

BERNARD REDER - Retrospective exhibit of popular expressionist sculptor to commemorate 90 years since his birth. Till Dec. 2. (Herzliya Museum, Yad Lebanim.)

ARIEH YUDKOVIC - Symbolic and abstract canvases. Till Oct. 15. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, 38 Ben Yehuda, Herzliya, Tel. 652-540117.)

JAN REICHWARGER - Recent paintings. Till Oct. 13. (Ephrat Gallery, 21 Gordon, Tel. 237624.)

BENNY EFRAT - New works dealing with life in the year 2000 plus. (Museum of Israeli Art, Ramat Gan, Abba Hillel Silver 144.)

MOSHE AND SHULA SHEK - Clay animal sculptures by him and a contemporary range of jewellery designs by her. (Horace Richter Gallery, 34 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa, Tel. 825842.)

MICHAEL BAR-AM - Spaces in rhythm and lines, drawings. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 4 Nativ Hamazlot, Old Jaffa.)

DAVID BEN-AMI - Recent paintings, first one-person show. (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum, 18 Chevat Zion.)

DALIT SHARON - Paintings. Till Oct. 22. (Chelouche, Rehov Chelouche 14, Neve Zedek, Tel. 608945.)

YEHUDIT LEVIN - Shows recent paintings. Till Oct. 22. (Bograshov Gallery, 60 Bograshov, Tel. 293429.)

URI KATZENSTEIN - Sculptures by Tel Aviv artist recently returned from the U.S. Opens Oct. 5. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel. 232803.)

ASAD AZI - Paintings by former member of the Rega group. Till Oct. 16. (Artifex Gallery, 43 Nachmani.)

RACHEL RABINOWITZ - Ink drawings on paper. Opens Oct. 5. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel. 232533.)

TOVA BERLINSKY, SHIMON AVNI, DAVID GERSTEIN & ZVI TOLKOVSKY - Veteran artists in a group effort. Till Oct. 22. (Maimon Visual Art Gallery, 27 Plesker, Tel. 294374.)

ABBA FENICHEL - Illustrations and drawings by late Israeli painter. (Shaanarei Zion Library, King Saul Blvd.)

GIORA KLUZNER - Paintings by an architect. Opens Oct. 5. (Architects Club, 200 Dizengoff, Tel. 240274.)

TIFERET - Paintings by students of the religious art school. Oct. 5-19. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frish.)

Haifa/North

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SAFED - Landscapes from the '30s to the '50s. At same venue LL KRONSTEIN - drawings from her estate. Both till Oct. 25. (Ein Harod, Mishkan Le'Omanut.)

ATELIER MOURLOT, PARIS - Collection of lithographs by famous 20th century artists produced in this noted workshop. (Haifa Museum of Modern Art, 26 Shabtai Levy, Tel. 523255.)

'ENCOUNTERS WITH ARTISTS' - photographs by Avraham Hiy and some of the original paintings and sculpture seen in the photos. (Museum Hana-Dada, Ein Hod.) Till end Nov.

MODERN JAPANESE PRINTS - works by 63 young Japanese artists; also prints by foreign artists studying, or who studied in Japan. (Tikotin Museum of Japanese Art, Haifa, Tel. 383554.) Till end Nov.

JULIE AND OMRI AMANI - drawings and sculpture. (Katon Plus Gallery, 11, Pevsner St. Haifa, Tel. 389051) Till Oct. 22.

DAVID SHARIT - prints and tapestries; LILY MISKACHI-KOSTOVSKY, mixed media paintings. (Wilfred Israel Museum, Kibbutz Ilazorea, Tel. 04-899311) Till Oct. 10.

SUMMER SHOW - Association of Free Painters and Sculptors. (Gallery Beit HaCefen, 2 Hagafen St. Haifa.) Till Oct. 21.

MANE KATZ - drawings, including a series of self portraits from the 1940s. (Mane Katz Museum, Haifa, Tel. 83482.) Till Nov.

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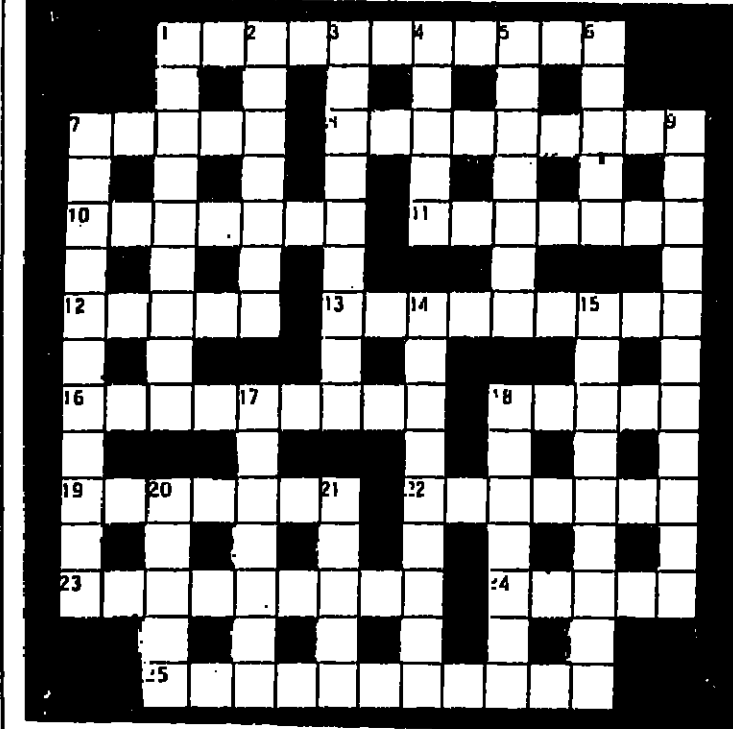
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Crosswords Two-in-one

- ACROSS**
- 1 Trap a worthy sort, then celebrate (5,1,5)
 - 7 The ornament is in the hold (5)
 - 8 Given rifle, hurried and got the bullet (9)
 - 10 Music from him upset Tom's ear (7)
 - 11 Sinister looking person (7)
 - 12 Heard a case bound to have right in it (5)
 - 13 Going to bed in the hope of getting up! (9)
 - 14 Unpaid bills likely to be settled by those with long memories (3,6)
 - 18 Rosy here, said the poet, is a favourite with the gunners (5)
 - 19 Military problems over, feasted (7)
 - 22 Prisoners' lookers (7)
 - 23 Is behind an idea to improve road safety (4,5)
 - 24 Round circles they're not! (5)
 - 25 A bomb dropped at his command (5,6)
- DOWN**
- 1 Old merchants' business negotiated on the bower! (5,4)
 - 2 Thought to be settled in a rush (7)
 - 3 Bug fight fan (9)
 - 4 Girl who goes to the wall (3,2)
 - 5 Once again came to Kew with ear ring swinging (7)
 - 6 Endless low key arrangement for bumpkin (5)
 - 7 Arrive with dictatorial intent? The committee will! (4,2,5)
 - 9 Some holidaymakers' wear proving the bane of fortune-tellers? (4,7)
 - 14 Got up to do the flowers with scented stuff (4,5)
 - 15 Surrounded by liquid here, generally speaking (2,3,4)
 - 17 Sycophant to swim next to the Queen (7)
 - 18 Put on an act, do! (7)
 - 20 All of a sudden, it's news—how showy (5)
 - 21 Heavy water being present (5)



Quickie

- ACROSS**
- 1 Toy weapon (5,6)
 - 7 Donkey (5)
 - 8 Cold confections (3,6)
 - 10 Maker (7)
 - 11 In Yorkshire (7)
 - 12 Royal house (5)
 - 13 A feline (6,3)
 - 16 Anticipation (9)
 - 18 Dwellings (5)
 - 19 Command (7)
 - 22 Mark of a monk (7)
 - 23 Moderate (9)
 - 24 Airship (5)
 - 25 Correct a person (3,3,5)
- DOWN**
- 1 E.g., Churchill (5,6)
 - 2 Pig's fool (7)
 - 3 Form of communication (9)
 - 4 Notions (5)
 - 5 Dog (7)
 - 6 Tilted over (5)
 - 7 Wrong way round (4,2,5)
 - 9 Bore totally (4,2,5)
 - 14 Constellation (5,4)

Yesterday's solution

ACROSS

- 1 E.g., Churchill (5,6)
- 2 Pig's fool (7)
- 3 Form of communication (9)
- 4 Notions (5)
- 5 Dog (7)
- 6 Tilted over (5)
- 7 Wrong way round (4,2,5)
- 9 Bore totally (4,2,5)
- 14 Constellation (5,4)

DOWN

- 1 E.g., Churchill (5,6)
- 2 Pig's fool (7)
- 3 Form of communication (9)
- 4 Notions (5)
- 5 Dog (7)
- 6 Tilted over (5)
- 7 Wrong way round (4,2,5)
- 9 Bore totally (4,2,5)
- 14 Constellation (5,4)

Nature



WOOD BE GOOD

D'vora Ben Shaul

ONE OF by far the most impressive trees in Israel is the sycamore, *Ficus sycamora* which grows in the coastal plain, Lower Galilee, Lachish and upper parts of the Negev. This tall tree, with dark green leaves and round, yellow-red fruit, is one of the old inhabitants of the region and is established as having been here at least since about 4,500 BCE.

It is mentioned in the Bible by the prophet Amos and figures a number of times in the Talmud. Whether it was deliberately introduced, or whether it spread here together with other sub-tropical flora of the Middle East is not certain, but today you usually find it where human habitations have been. It demands certain conditions, and in ancient times, according to some sources, was the demarcation line between Lower Galilee, where it grows, and Upper Galilee, where it does not.

The fruit of the sycamore is tasty, with a sweet-tart flavour but since most of the fruit is parasitized by wasps, it is rare to find edible ripe fruit. This, however, does little to deter the birds, which enjoy and seek it out. Because of its thick foliage in summer it is also a choice nesting site for a number of birds. Bulbuls especially like it, since it provides cover for nesting and a table at the same time. A number of animals, ranging from mice and moles, to porcupines and even gazelles enjoy the windfall fruit as well.

THE SYCAMORE provides a good, smooth wood and not too many knots, which made it a favourite in the past for builders' needs, the trunk being tall and usually quite straight. It is thought that it may have been cultivated principally for this purpose. In fact, as far back as the Mishnaic period, it was customary to cut down sycamore trees and let the new, secondary growth come up, since these secondary trunks were even straighter and smoother than the original trunk.

The tree was widely cultivated in Egypt as a source of wood, Egypt having always been a country of scanty forestation. It was also artificially fertilized from at least 1000 BCE to produce large, juicy fruit. Here in Israel, it hardly produces fruit.

Today, the sycamore is used most often as a decorative tree and is especially popular in the Beit She'an Valley, where it grows extremely well. In a few places, the JNF has added some sycamores to other mixed reforestation, which has done much to improve the variety and attractiveness of these forests.

The art scene

Rakia in retrospect

Meir Ronnen

A RETROSPECTIVE by veteran Jerusalem symbolist David Rakia, spanning over three decades, contains a pleasant surprise: some early and to me previously unseen paintings in an expressionist, School of Paris mode that work extraordinarily well.

The more familiar Rakia is made up of varying mixes of light rays, Hebrew lettering and formalised details of Jerusalem, combined in a mix of swirling masses, rigid geometrical structures and straight lines. The weakness of most of these works is that they are illustrative and coloured rather than being colour harmonies.

For colour harmony, one has to go back to Rakia's figurative paintings of the Fifties, like the splendid little canvas of a tailor's shop from 1954 (and signed Sternfeld, his original name). Colour also played a mood role in Rakia's surrealist period of the mid-Seventies.

Rakia was born in Vienna in 1928 and was brought here in 1938 after

Hitler marched into Austria. He was wounded in action in the War of Liberation and after hearing a lecture by Mordecai Ardon, then director of the Beznel, joined the school in 1952. Some of the highly accomplished early paintings on view date from his early student days, others from subsequent studies in Paris. His recent work shows a concern for subject matter that transcends more painterly concerns.

Rakia, his head in the clouds as he searches for cosmic meanings, needs to keep his feet on the ground of his youth. Till Oct. 15.

AT THE same venue, there are large collage paintings by Yehuda Levy-Aldema (b. Jerusalem 1957), a graduate of Beznel (1982), that take the mickey out of still-life tabletop painting since Cezanne and his apples. This fruit is the lone element linking the artist's canvases, each of which contains a different set of modernist mannerisms.

While these works are all accomplished enough, would the real Levy-Aldema please stand up? (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Nov. 3.



Rakia: painting, c. 1975.



Levy-Aldema: collage painting



David Rakia: "Navvies," oil, 1955. (Jerusalem Artists).

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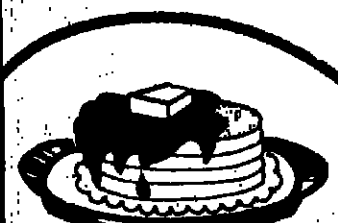
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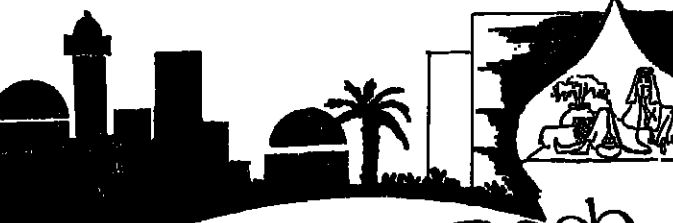


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مكتبة في الأصل

The art scene

JAN REICHWARGER is an obsessive painter of light; or the lack of it. In a series of canvases and works on paper being exhibited in Tel Aviv's newest gallery, Reichwarger brushes large, Bonnard-like garden-scenes in a rich and variegated palette, or quietly washes monochromatic figures that are more shadows of themselves than solid human forms. Reichwarger is able to swing with both techniques, managing to imbue his pictures with a devout sense of poetry bordering on romanticism. Often, as in a small Corot-oriented landscape with three silhouetted birds, he indulges in non-essential descriptive storytelling and subtly turns art appreciation into an art riddle.

Reichwarger is an excellent easel painter, as clearly indicated in the Bonnard-like garden scene, a picture filled with the joy of yellow light reflecting off several different beds of flowers and grass, with crisscrossing paths of gravel dividing the chromatic fields. However, Reichwarger also has a tendency to veer sharply into mysterious scenarios, choosing subjects that force him to paint in a lyrical manner that smacks of saccharine, if not pure sugar. (Ephrat Gallery, 21 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

SIMCHA SPEISER'S unflattering carpentry and painted surfaces of single and multiple-unit shelves are compensated for by his inventiveness in coordinating installations of unrelated objects of a variety of materials. Aluminum dowels are pressed into wooden corners with metallic gears and plastic pulleys all in close proximity to wooden slats, plaster reliefs and a stuffed bird. Speiser's sculptural dynamics, created by fanned shelves, work well with his mechanized machinery, an imaginary mix of Joseph Cornell and Franz Kafka (Maimad Katan Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 9.

AN ABUNDANCE of angular surface action and geometric spaces,

Painter of light

Gil Goldfine

both deep and shallow, are painted by Philip Rentzer in several figurative canvases and multi-material triptychs. Rentzer applies paint furiously but with concern for the overall impact of his images. Scumbled and washed passages are linked by heavy contours that simultaneously define anatomical gestures and bisect the picture's field. The occasional amorphous "humanoïd" shadow crosses the frontal plane, as does a repetitive circular shape, either in the form of dark sun-glasses or old 78-speed phonograph records applied as collage elements. Although Rentzer's paintings are sometimes unclarified and diffused, there is enough painterly energy projected to indicate a desire to see more of his work. (Rega Gallery, 113 Herzl, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 16.

WHIMSICAL AND totemic, Johanan Ben-Yaakov's major sculptural wall reliefs are constructed from several dozen individual elements, some carved to fit the composition, others "found" and simply glued into position. Sitting the fence between pure abstraction and decorative illustration in a symbolic framework, Ben-Yaakov tends to confuse his objectives. He strikes a lively cord when non-objectiveness

abounds (both in content and colour) but becomes mundane in lavishly painted architectonic landscapes that are obvious in their meaning and therefore unchallenging. Ben-Yaakov handles small-scale pieces with greater respect and understanding. The larger ones suffer from a lack of tempo, light and shadow and textural differences. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simtat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa). Till Oct. 10.

MOSHE SHEK'S large, kiln-fired ceramic sculptures of animals and birds are playful and highly stylized, reduced to elementary forms but just enough to make the subject identifiable. The splendidly crafted simplicity, tied to warm, bisque-coloured clay, is further enhanced by splashes of impulsive linear details in a limited colour range. Strongly associated with archaic Persian and Cypriot figurines on the one hand and Picasso's classical period of the late '30s on the other, Shek's sculptures draw on the best of both. Bowls and plates with painted abstract designs accompany the "wildlife," but lack their flair and elegance.

At the same venue Shula Shek shows several dozen necklaces and pairs of earrings, all designed and manufactured in silver, using the lost-wax process. Very ethnic and very local, Shek's designs are of basic triangular and circular shapes, flattened, chiselled and incised with linear imprints not unlike Beduin or Mexican Indian motifs. In our contemporary world of high-tech materials and higher-tech fabrication methods, it's nice to see a bit of elegant crudeness, in which the aesthetic principles have remained intact. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simtat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa).

ISRAEL KAUFMAN'S watercolours of local landscapes and village scenes are minor examples of the technique. Muddy colours, undefined space and flat, unimaginative drawing make Kaufman's exhibit a banal one. (Shai Danon Gallery, 42 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 4.

War II ended in Europe when, it has been suggested, master-printer Ferdinand Mourlot himself urged the artist to try his hand at this "new" medium - one which proved well-suited to Picasso's inclinations to distort or rework images from a single source (see the three examples from the "David and Batsheva" series).

Attesting to the close cooperation between artist and printer are the scribbled instructions and comments on many proofs and prints. Some works are gifts to either Ferdinand Mourlot or his son Jacques, signed by, among other artists, Miro, Masson, Buffet and Van Dongen.

Accompanying the exhibition is an excellent didactic presentation of the subject organized by printmaker Gad Ullman, illustrated by prints drawn from the Museum's collection. (Haifa Museum of Modern Art). Till Oct. 31.

FOR THE second successive year, the Tikotin Museum is showing prints by young artists who have participated in an annual competition organized by the Japanese Art and Culture Society, in company with the Ryu Gallery, Tokyo.

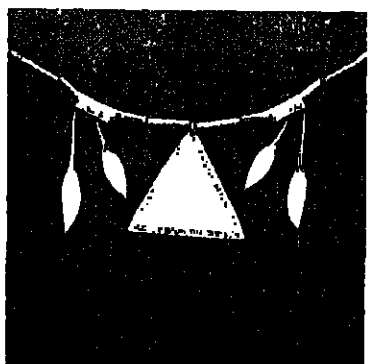
Few artists produce mixed-media prints; most settle for the "pure" techniques of silkscreen, lithography or etching. Woodcut, Japan's oldest graphic medium, out of favour in recent years, appears to be steadily regaining popularity. More details next Friday. (Tikotin Museum of Japanese Art, Haifa). Till end Oct.



Jan Reichwarger: oil painting (Ephrat Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Moshe Shek: ceramic sculpture (Horace Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).



Shula Shek: silver jewelry designs (Horace Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).



Philip Rentzer: figure painting (Rega Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Magic of Mourlot

Angela Levine



Henri Matisse: Lithograph, printed by Mourlot.

MOURLOT FRÈRES, Paris's renowned printers of lithographs, are marking their jubilee year by showing prints, posters and book illustrations, produced on their presses for major artists of the 20th century, among them Picasso, Chagall, Braque, Giacometti and Matisse.

The organizers have elected to show works by 20 artists, most of whom come under the loose descriptive title "School of Paris," that extraordinary confluence of talent in the city which gave rise, during the first 40 years of the century, to the great modern movements in art. However, in order to give the spectator a comprehensive idea of the firm's continuing activities, the curators of this show should also have included a list of all the other artists, up to the present day, whose names are associated with the Mourlot workshops.

Among the 100 superb works on display, nowhere is the purity of line and subtlety of colour achieved by the Mourlot printers better seen to advantage than in Matisse's lithographs; in particular, two shimmering odalisques, one relying for effect on delicate pink hues, from flesh-tones to deep rose, the other, in strong colours, harmoniously juxtaposed, which sweep up the form, dress and ornament of Matisse's model into a bold, uniform pattern. Picasso is represented by 10 prints, in colour or monochrome, dating from 1946, only a year after World

Cinema

IF THERE EVER was a movie expressing male fear of castration at the hands of the all-powerful and resourceful female of the species, that movie is *The Witches of Eastwick*.

That everybody connected with the making of the film, or almost everybody, is male, goes without saying. And it isn't just that they show women who dare to display their sexual fantasies with abandon. In addition, they turn out to be pretty ruthless about it all, using the male for what he is worth, and then discarding him like a used rag.

His only revenge may be that when he is forced to leave the scene, he will not be totally forgotten, for mementos of his existence will survive, and he will haunt his female executioners with erotic dreams.

It may all be unintentional, but I don't believe it is. John Updike, who wrote the original best-seller, is a most meticulous writer, and no man in his books has a really easy time with women.

Director George Miller is a smart film-maker who, in the *Mad Max* series knew how to slip in enough ideas between the violent orgies to get not only the bloodthirsty crowds on his side, but many of the critics as well. And Michael Cristofer, who turned the novel into a script, won an Emmy for a painful, perceptive and well-written drama, *The Shadow Box*, about a nursing home for terminal-cancer cases.

Obviously, none of these people is an innocent, so let's not talk about accidents. This apotheosis of misogyny was done on purpose.

The Witches of Eastwick is a survey of the repressed libido in a typical Updike, New England, suburban woman. Women in such places can be extremely inhibited, which means they reject everything they want but are afraid, because of their puritanical upbringing, to have, and hate any person who dares to have it.

For these women, Eastwick, a pretty little hamlet, is the ideal place, small enough for them to stick their noses in everybody else's business, and to fling their old-fashioned morality on unsuspecting innocents who are wont to believe it is God's own gospel.



The three witches of Eastwick - their dream man relieves the boredom.

BEWITCHED

Dan Fainaru

But there are other kinds of women, the naughty ones, who are bored stiff by all this, but go along with it either because they are too lazy to protest, or don't have a choice, economically. Which doesn't mean they do not indulge in day-dreams, in fantasies, and what happens there even Xaviera Hollander couldn't imagine. This is the stuff three witches of Eastwick are made of.

One of them, Jane, teaches music at the local school to kids devoid of the slightest talent, and practises at home like mad, trying to master the Dvorak Cello Concerto. She hides a glorious body behind her prim appearance, but her husband divorced her because she couldn't have children.

Soukic is a reporter on the local newspaper whenever she can take time off from having babies. She already has six girls and her husband has left her because he can't cope with the expanding family.

And then there is Alex, a widowed sculptress putting her inhibitions into little dolls, all of them naked,

motherly female figures, which she exposes in the local curio shop. THE THREE are good friends, meeting once a week to sip a martini or two, play a game of cards and search in their imaginations for the kind of man who could relieve the utter dreariness of the place.

Not that Eastwick is really dreary. In fact, it looks like a paradise in the picture's opening shot, a glorious combination of white, green and the perfect blue of the sky, seen from a very high angle, by the perfect camera of Vilmos Zsigmond.

Indeed, the good wife of the editor of the local paper (she owns the paper and the husband) describes the place as a Garden of Eden into which a serpent has penetrated.

One evening, having discussed everything, including the roving hands of the school principal, with a few drinks under their belts to loosen them up, our three witches, who don't even know what they are, start drawing the man of their dreams and are sufficiently thorough in their description to include everything he should have, without any reservations.

Next day, there is big news in town. A stranger has bought the gothic mansion just outside Eastwick and everybody is eager to know

more about him. Naturally, our three ladies find their way into the newcomer's arms. They settle comfortably there, one next to the other, and enjoy blissful, hedonistic joys. For the man, whose name is Darryl van Horn (note the symbolic significance) has at his disposal unlimited resources, physical as well as financial. What is more, his only aim in life seems to be the satisfaction of every secret whim the pretty ladies ever entertained.

THE ONE problem with all this bliss is, of course, the town itself, which can't stand it. If it is so good, it must be bad, and if they can't have a piece of the action, it is indubitably sinful.

In the good old days, nice little towns like Eastwick, or Salem, which isn't too far away, would burn such sins out of their midst: nowadays, they have to restrict themselves to ostracism.

But even this is a bit too steep a price for an American witch, who likes to have her fun but wants her respectability too.

Jane, Soukic and Alex soon begin to realize their power and to understand that only their wishful thinking has summoned up Mr. van Horn from thin air, and that his existence, assertive and aggressive as it is, depends only on their will to have him there. Once they have had enough, they can wish him away.

Sure, he may put up a bit of a struggle, but what can a poor devil do against three determined females? Only hope that at some future time they will require his services again and call him back - which is more than a possibility, to judge by the looks of the winsome trio in the film's last shot.

MILLER, a superb technician who did wonders with relatively small resources in the first *Mad Max* and went on to great special-effects sophistication in the two subsequent ones, has no problem mastering the telling of the story, even if he does play around with camera angles and lighting effects a bit too much to emphasize the devilry.

He is helped by the magic touch of Zsigmond, one of the greatest cameramen around, and the rich imagination of art director Polly Platt, the one woman on the creative team,

and the results are often stunning.

Jack Nicholson launches himself in the leading male part with a vengeance, rolling his eyes and dispensing evil, inviting grins all round.

Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer are delightful, each in her own way, as the three dangerous graces; and Veronica Cartwright steals a few scenes as the publisher's wife and boss who wants to cleanse Eastwick of its fiendish visitor.

Sensitive members of the audience may, of course, protest at Miller's insistence on matching the throwing-up orgies of Monty Python's *The Meaning of Life* and a later, more modest one, in Rob Reiner's *Stand by Me*, with two of his own magisterial pieces of vulgarity. But then, good taste is out of fashion, and this couldn't really bother more than a minority.

In one scene Nicholson lies down on the bed invitingly, offering to serve the ladies in many strange and delightful ways. But these we do not get to see, because the producers wouldn't have wanted the film to have any problems with touchy censors, who, as everybody knows, are insensitive to puking but most alert to sex.

WHAT IS REALLY disturbing about the whole thing is the message. Of course, Hollywood would simply deny the existence of any such thing. In Samuel Goldwyn's immortal words, messages are sent by Western Union.

Still, like it or not, it is there, and sufficiently repellent to have already caused some demonstration by feminists. And rightly so. This modern fairy-tale leaves you feeling sorry for the villain, who is what he is because of the heroines, and who has to pay the price they impose on him.

Not a nice image of womanhood to distribute, unless you are a woman-hater, in which case you will fully sympathize with the poor devil and find the description of the witch-esses quite accurate. Or unless you are a man-hater, in which case you will rejoice at the treatment he gets at the hands of the three protagonist.

Is it conceivable that most of the public is either at one extreme or the other? Judging by the film's success abroad, it isn't impossible.

CINEMA SOVIET STYLE

Andrea King

was decided that the bureaucrats will deal with the money and that the artists will make the films. An arbitration committee, including actors, screenwriters and directors was set up, and we will deal with problems in the industry.

Now we have a framework of freedom. Censorship still exists but there is no movie today that I would like to make that I can't make. As an artist there is definitely more freedom now, but with that comes more responsibility. Now when I shoot a film, no one tells me what is good or not good."

Danelia made his film, 33, 20 years ago, but only now is it being shown in Soviet cinemas. "In the past, those in charge liked movies where you showed that the former regime was bad, but in my movie I didn't do this," says the director. "Now, Gorbachev asks people to say what is bad and how to change it. It wouldn't have been possible to come to Israel five years ago. It's all part of a change in the general political atmosphere. No one was there to instruct me on what to do when I

came to Israel."

The film that Danelia is planning to make with Izhik Kol of G.G. Israel Studios and Menachem Golan of Cannon Films is a comedy about a Georgian non-Jew who joins a group of Jewish Georgians who immigrate to Israel. Once in Israel he is mistaken for a KGB agent.

"I am a Georgian and want the hero of my film to be a Georgian," says Danelia who describes himself as a Georgian immigrant in Moscow. "It is very important to me to make a movie about the people of Georgia. You can see here in Israel that their native traditions and culture are very important to Georgian Jews. They do not forget Georgia. They treat her like a step-mother. There is no anti-Semitism there and Jews feel no hostility toward the republic. Since his arrival, Danelia has found the Georgian community here very warm, and receptive to the idea of a film about their homeland.

Michael Nankashvili, head of the Cultural/Friendship Association of Georgian Israelis, is excited about the film. He says that life in Georgia for Jews is not like life in Russia and other

Soviet republics: "Georgia is a sweet country for us. There was no anti-Jewish sentiment and things were always good between the Jews and non-Jews."

Danelia says that he hopes that the film will bring Israelis and Russians closer together. "If the making of this movie bothers some Soviet politicians then they aren't good. The movie is not about Georgia or Georgian Jews-it's about Israel. I'm not worried about losing my job over this picture because I am an artist and I can't lose my job. The Russians have allowed me to come here, knowing what the movie is about and that is enough."

One-third of the film's funding will be picked up by Mosfilm, the rest by Cannon. The film, which will have English and Russian soundtracks, will be shot in the Soviet Union, Vienna and Israel. The projected budget is \$3 million to \$4 million.

DANELIA, who has made 15 films and won over 60 Soviet and international prizes, says that the most popular films in the Soviet Union are action movies - "just like the rest of the world," he adds. "Although the Soviet Union has a large number of intellectuals, the most popular films are not the most artistic movies."

According to Danelia, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is now awaiting release in the Soviet Union. But he says that European films and stars are far more popular and well-known in the U.S.S.R. than their American counterparts. "No one would recognize an American star on the street," he says.

Recently, he adds, Soviet television showed Soviet and American film-makers discussing the way each country portrayed the other. "As far as I am concerned," says Danelia, "both sides treat the other side terribly on film."

Despite the influx of European and American films, Soviet films are still the audiences' favourites. "There are international film festivals in Moscow and Tashkent every year, but there are also national film festivals throughout the country," says Danelia, adding that internationally-acclaimed films made by Soviet directors such as Andrei Tarkovsky, Andrei Konchalovsky and Nikita Mikhalkov are finally getting acclaim in the U.S.S.R.

Director Danelia seems quite happy with the changes in the Soviet film industry and laughs when questioned about why he stays. "Why would I leave the Soviet Union," he says. "I'm doing just what I want to do."

مركز الفن الأصلي

Cinema

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Sat. 8 p.m. The Gods Must Be Crazy; Sat. 10 The Big Chill; Sat. midnight Body Heat

EDEN Tel. 223829
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:40
7:15 Robocop

EDISON Tel. 221444/5
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15
Beverly Hills Cop II

HABIRA - CINEMA EMPIRE
Closed due to renovations

ISRAEL MUSEUM Tel. 698213
Sat. 7, 9:15; Wed. 2 p.m.; Thur. 7, 9:15 Hannah And Her Sisters

JERUSALEM THEATRE
Tel. 057167
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30 Death Of A Salesman

KPR Tel. 242523
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15
The Untouchables

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 7, 9:30 La Famiglia

ORGLI Tel. 234176
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Relating Arizona; Thur. 7:15, 9:30 Full Metal Jacket

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Lady Beware

ORION OR 2 Tel. 222914
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Don't Give A Damn

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; The Secret Of My Success; Sat. and weekdays 11:15 When Father Was Away On Business

ORION OR 4 Tel. 222914
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; The Living Daylight; Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m. Never Too Young To Die

ORION OR 5 Tel. 222914
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; The Secret Of My Success; Sat. and weekdays 11:15 When Father Was Away On Business

RON Tel. 234704
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Black Widow

SEADAR Tel. 633742
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Stand By Me

TEL AVIV
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Stand By Me

BEIT LIESSIN Tel. 216853
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:15; Monty Python - Yellow Submarine

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:30; Wed. 9:40, 12; Thur. 7, 9:30 The Untouchables

BETH HATZUFUTSOY
Sun. 7 p.m. La Passante De Sans Souci

CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7, 9:30; Wed. 10, 12:20; Thur. 7:55, 9:50 Full Metal Jacket; Thur. 11 a.m. Song Of The South

CHEN 2
Sat. 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:50; Wed. 10, 12; Thur. 7:35, 9:50 Angel Heart; Thur. 11 a.m. Caravan Of The Carriage

CHEN 3
Sat. 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:50; Wed. 10, 12:20; Thur. 7:40, 9:55 Blind Date; Thur. 11 a.m. Crocodile Dundee

CHEN 4
Sat. 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50; Wed. 10, 12:20; Thur. 7:40, 9:55 Outrageous Fortune; Thur. 11 a.m. Robin Hood

CHEN 5
Sat. 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50; Wed. 10, 12:15; Thur. 7:35, 9:50 Stand By Me; Thur. 11 a.m. Bilbi

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:40 Children Of A Lesser God; Wed. 10; Thur. 7:30, 9:40 Flodder

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:40 Children Of A Lesser God; Wed. 10; Thur. 7:30, 9:40 Flodder

DEKEL Tel. 443200
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:40 Black Widow

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5, 7:20, 9:45 Un Homme Amoureux

DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5, 7:20, 9:45 Un Homme Amoureux

DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5, 7:20, 9:45 Personal Services

DRIVE IN Tel. 403080
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 7:30 Hot Pursuit; weekdays 9:30 Children Of A Lesser God; Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight Sex film

EDEN Tel. 225510
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:45; Wed. 10, 12; Thur. 7:30, 9:45 Predator

GAT Tel. 267888
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:45; Wed. 9:50, 12:15; Thur. 7:30, 9:50 The Witches Of Eastwick

HAZARD Tel. 259341/2
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30; Thur. 7:15, 9:30 Children Of A Love Affair; Sat. 11:45 p.m. Pink Floyd - The Wall; Wed. 10, midnight Shab-loul; Thur. 11:45 Sweet Movie

HOD
Sat. 9:30; Sun.-Tue. 5, 7:15, 9:30; Wed. 9:45, 12; Thur. 7:15, 9:30 Beverly Hills Cop II

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE
Sat. 9:30

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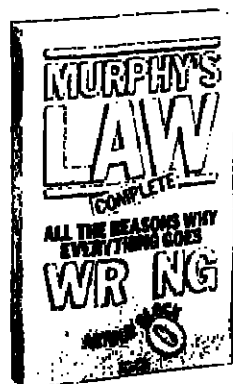
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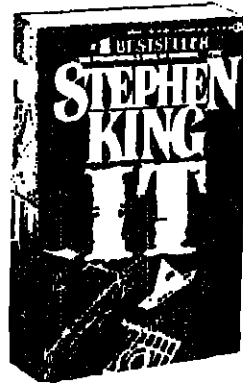
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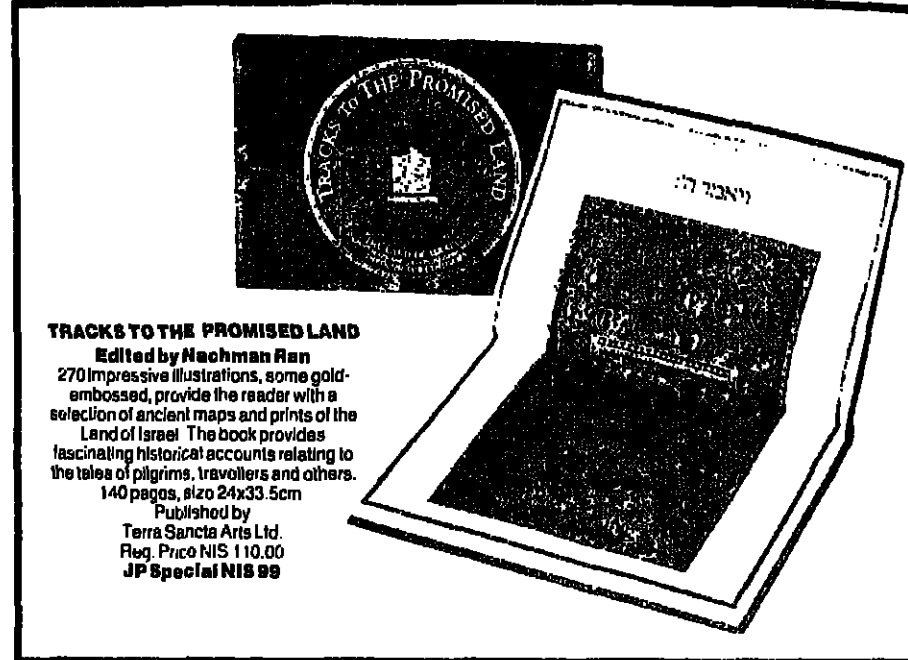
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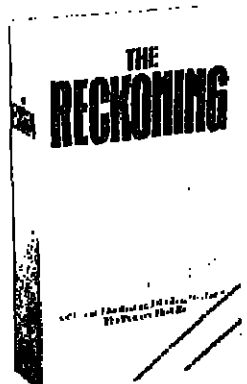
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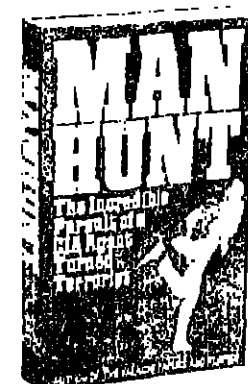
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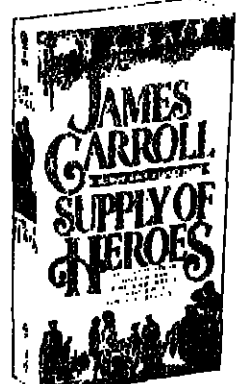
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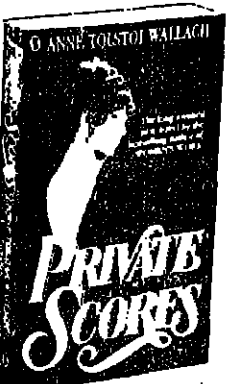
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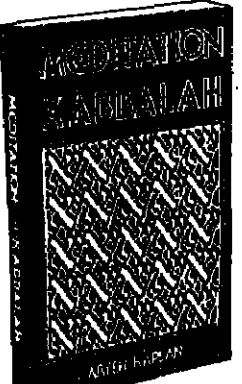
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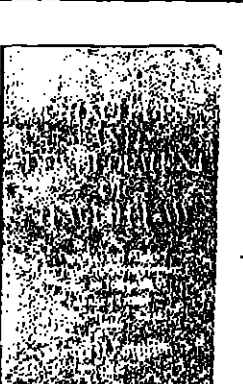
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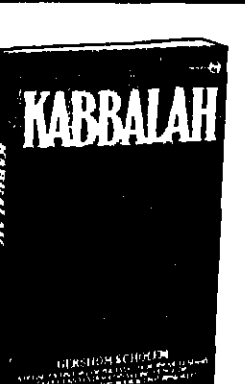
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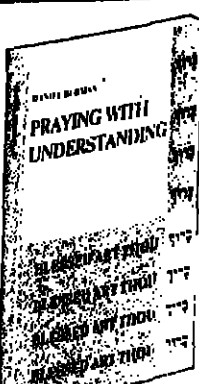
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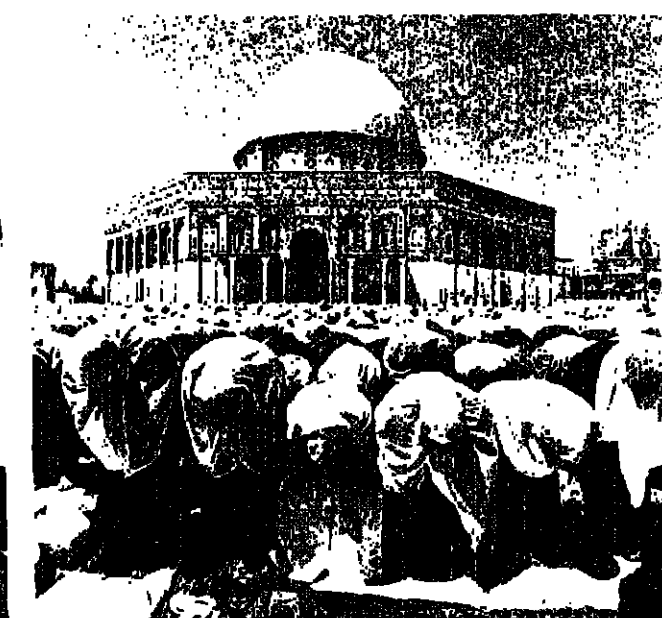
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Israeli Arab women at Mandelbaum Gate awaiting the arrival of relatives from Jordan.



Shavuot at the Wall a week after the Six Day War began.



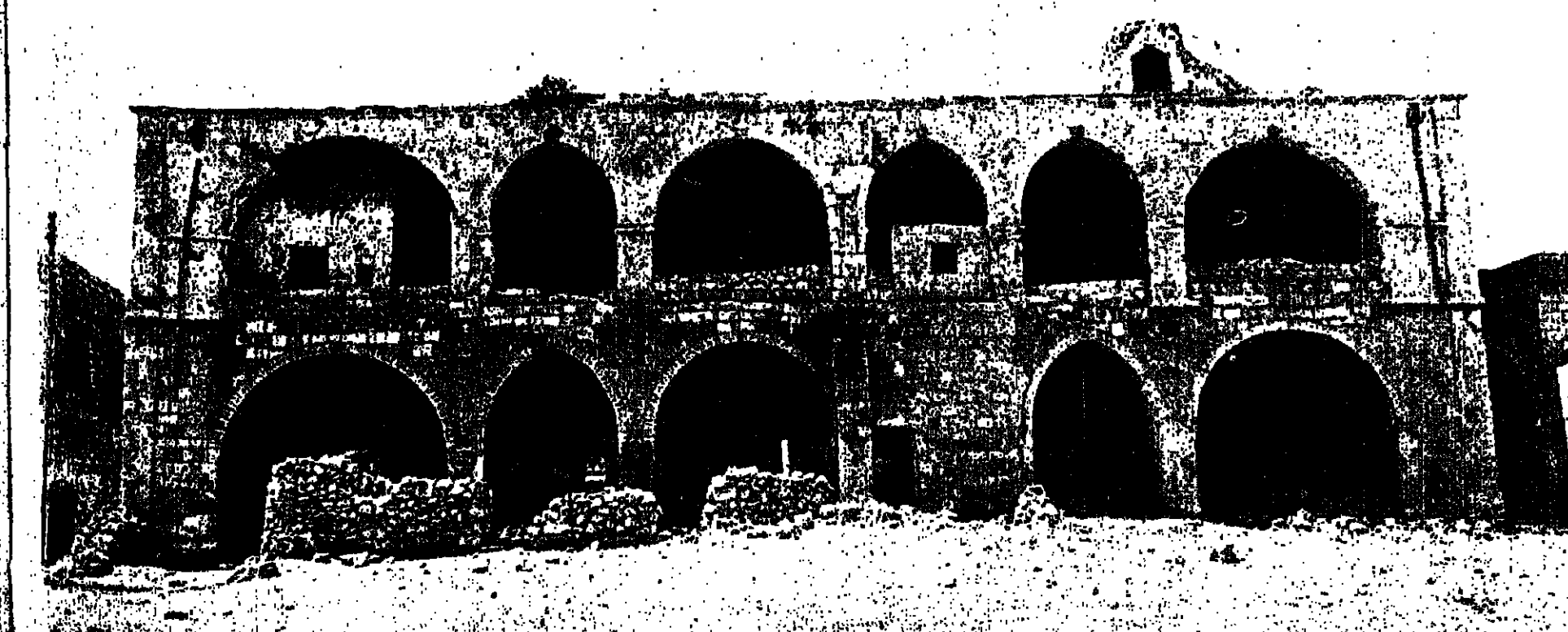
Praying in front of the Dome of the Rock during Ramadan.



Old City merchants close their stores in protest against a swoop by tax inspectors.



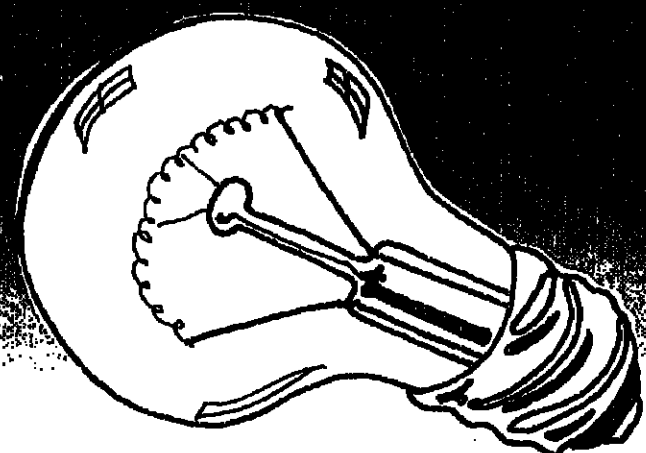
Jewish/Arab business partnership - selling archeological artifacts in the Kidron Valley.



Bel Rothschild in the Jewish Quarter as it was found after the war.

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Soldier's tale

(Continued from page 5)

that he had a degree," Daniel added. "When he didn't get the answers he was looking for from the army, he decided on the other route."

Daniel said that Alex's decision that he wanted to strive for certain things in the army led him to choose the paratroopers, recognizing that the more selective the unit, the better the people.

Alex's diaries reflect his initial hardships in the army. Some were social, such as the fact that he was older than the members of his unit and many of his commanders, and others were physical, like the shortness of breath from which he suffered. At one point he even dropped out of the paratroopers, only to be persuaded to give it another try.

Daniel gave him emotional support. "It happened that I was a sergeant for another unit while Alex was in basic training. We saw each other a lot, and I could see him going through the different stages that I went through earlier."

From then onwards, Alex's commitment to his army service deepened. He was only required to serve for one-and-a-half years, so he asked to attend sergeant's school early, in order to finish in time. Later he decided to try for the officer's course. Last May, Alex transferred to the Givati Brigade, where he became a platoon commander.

"We were found fit to become officers," Daniel said, "and Alex took it a step beyond by signing on for two more years to train to be a company commander." That took place just about a week before the battle.

Recalling Alex's contentment and sense of fulfillment in the army, Max said he was not surprised by Alex's decision to sign on for two extra years. Nor was he surprised that Alex was growing more observant as his service continued.

Alex started wearing a kippa about five months ago, but neither parent saw this as some sort of watershed. "His religious development was a steady process which dates from the Brandeis-Bardin Institute," Max said. "Coming to Israel and joining the paratroopers was part of his observance. That was part of Judaism to him."

At the same time, Alex's sense of responsibility and his maturity came out in another section of the poem quoted earlier:

*But those men were not men a short time ago
Some don't even shave yet
And I will have to have the calm power
to yell to them
or to whisper*

Kadima.

THE SINGERS spent a considerable amount of time last week sorting through Alex's journals, which they plan to publish, along with his thesis and artwork.

Said Max, "Alex's life was devoted to living and teaching ideas which he believed in and which we believe in," such as helping to improve the world through the teachings of Judaism, making Israel into a genuinely Jewish state in the modern world and striving for pluralism.

"Things that he wrote can serve to advance those ideas, and that's what we intend to do," Max said.

But despite the firmness of his convictions, Alex was no crusader, his family said. "When you talk about a crusader, I think of someone whose purpose dominates their behaviour, irrespective of the person who is on the other side," Suzanne observed. "I think the thing that was very special about Alex was that he really cared about the person on the other side."

As examples, Saul mentioned an encounter Alex once had on a bus with a Hassid, in which, without lecturing or browbeating, he expressed his views that religion and the army

were not incompatible. And though he may have wanted Saul, the minority staff member on the Africa Subcommittee of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the U.S. House of Representatives, to live in Israel, he added that he was proud to have a brother on Capitol Hill.

Suzanne pointed out that for some time she has wanted to live in Israel. Alex's death has brought the inevitability of the move nearer, she said.

Daniel has a cassette which Alex, Saul, Benji and Max sent him in the army in 1984. Listening to Alex extemporizing as moderator, teasing Max about his political views, telling Russian jokes - sometimes in Russian, asking Daniel to divulge military secrets, the smiles broke through the family's grief.

When talking about his plans, Alex tells Daniel casually, "I might go to Russia, I might make aliya, I might get a job, I might go to Pardes, I might become a drop-out, I might graduate."

"That's Alex," Daniel said, explaining that his older brother was always considering several alternatives.

But a letter Benji received from Alex last March was ample proof of his firmness once he had reached a decision.

Hearing that Benji had decided to make aliya, Alex wrote: "I am proud to have you as my brother. I see you as a mature, serious, honest and caring person. I am glad that you are coming to make my home and Daniel's home your home as well."

"...The step you are about to make is Right. Good, and wonderful and don't let the clouds of dust thrown up by the Bad here allow you to lose sight of the ground or the people who love it here."

In his final text, Alex did not lose sight. As he wrote in the final stanza of his officer's poem:

*And,
I will have to have the calm power
to step forward myself.*

Diary excerpts

(Continued from page 5)

Jerry can on my back but I soon stopped and just carried the Jerry can. After two hours (the hottest two hours of the masa) I traded the Jerry can for a place among the stretcher bearers....

Our platoon had it good with 12 carriers at all times. My friend Lev's platoon was down to six or seven carriers by the end and the other platoon also was reduced. Sometimes the carrying was hard - when we had to catch up or pass another platoon but the moon was out and mostly the going was very good on dirt roads which reflected the moonlight.

From the end of the masa I remember only the joy and none of the pain. We entered Jerusalem from Nahal Soreq (Jerusalem's sewer) and came into Ben Zakkai Street below our old apartment. Then we walked on - to Rahel Imogu to Emek Refaim, down past Breichat Sultan round Mount Zion to the Dung Gate where we stopped, caught our breath and from where we sprinted the final 100 yards to the end of base.

The unpleasant part of the masa was what it showed me about some people in my platoon. In the challenge which I found stimulating, many found no reason to invest more of their own effort in our effort. There was a lot of bickering, cursing, yelling and other junk which showed who really are the so-called patriots of our platoon....

Among the pleasant bits of memories from that night of carrying were the melon fields we crossed - we kicked melons open and ate them as we went. Delicious. Then a man from the settle-



ment of the melons brought a whole carload of especially tasty ones to our water point. Generosity is so nice to see, especially when it comes as appreciation of effort which deserves it.

The views, of course, were another joy as they always are when one enters Jerusalem. But on foot, to moonlight, through valleys of pine, the entrance is especially special and moving. At least I was moved. During the masa's hardest moments, I would think of the of the end ahead of me - of running the last steps to the Wall and tears would come to my eyes and I would have strength. And in the end, when I was about to take those final running steps to the end of basic training the tears came to my eyes. Tears of joy and pain but mostly of joy.

OFFICERS' SCHOOL
May 15, 1986

After a mixed-up week of not being sure whether I was in or out, I'm here.

This week we're going over weapons training....

For the past three months - the three months of NCO school and the time which I spent deciding to come here - I didn't write one word in this or any other journal. I didn't draw a single drawing. I had, as I wrote to Saul, "angst in my pants."

"I'm feeling better about things now, even though my feelings about the decision to go to officer's training are definitely mixed. This will be a good course but one with the same complaining people I've been with for 14 months. But...there are also people here with enthusiasm (few) and natural leadership in greater numbers than I've yet seen in the IDF. I want to do well here. I want to learn as much as I can here. I'm worried only about my health holding up and what's to be done with me after the course."

On a lighter note: here's the (jingle) which Alex Rosenstock from Russia taught me....

"I am a little boy
I don't yet go to school
I haven't yet seen Lenin
But I love him."

What it really means is that the state which made...turning in one's parents - betrayal of family for the state - into models of correct behaviour, uses more means than abstract stories. (Ditties) bouncing around young brains leave echoes. The fact that Alex (Rosenstock) remembers them even though he left Russia years ago and has even forgotten much of his Russian, means they must do a lot of bouncing.... But what a difference between "Hickory Dickory Dock" and "I love Lenin."

YOU CAN call it an apothecary shop, chemist's, pharmacy, or drug-store, and its purpose is the same, to sell medicines. Or is it? If one walks into some of Israel's large, modern pharmacies today, one hardly sees the drug counter behind the aisles and aisles of cleaning materials, insecticides, baby toys, cosmetics, hair ribbons, pet foods, and lately even health foods. Not that this is a trend peculiar to Israel. On the contrary, the United States, Canada and Britain long ago saw the old apothecary shop give way to the modern self-service drug-store.

In Israel, even after a decade of the Super-Pharm phenomenon, the norm is still the small neighbourhood pharmacy, with most of the merchandise behind the counter. There remains a strong dose of ingrained opposition within the profession, particularly among the old-timers, to the idea of a pharmacy basing its livelihood heavily on non-drugs. On the other hand, Super-Pharm has had an impact. More and more of the younger pharmacists are opening establishments which bear a striking resemblance to the modern drug-stores of the English-speaking world - and imitate the Super-Pharm example here.

Strictly speaking, Super-Pharm is not a chain of stores, although it looks like one and most people consider it as such. Under Israeli law, every pharmacy must be owned by a pharmacist, and the entire store is considered a pharmacy, even the sections which sell other goods. Officially, Super-Pharm is a private consulting company providing its name and know-how to individual pharmacists who enter into contractual agreements with it. Just what the terms of these agreements are is hard to say. Super-Pharm prefers to say as little as possible.

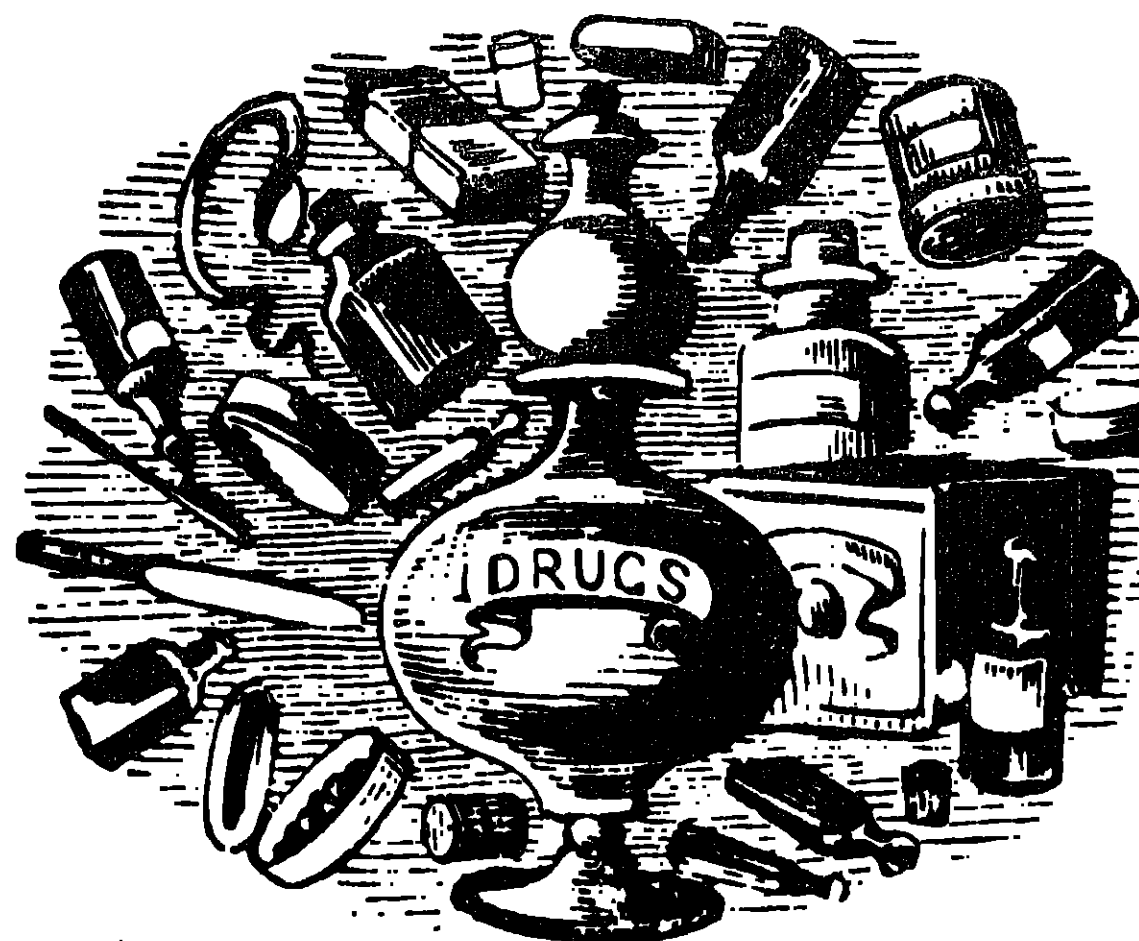
What is it perfectly happy to say is that, 10 years after the first Super-Pharm opened in Herzliya, there are today 10 of them. Most are in the Greater Tel Aviv area, but there are two in Jerusalem and one in Beer-sheva. The next is under construction in Haifa.

The Super-Pharm concept was brought to Israel by a Canadian Jew, Murray Koffler, who heads Canada's largest drug-store chain, Shoppers Drug Mart. His 35-year-old son Leon Koffler is general manager of Super-Pharm in Israel, with headquarters in Petah Tikva.

"What we brought to Israel," says the younger Koffler, "is the North American concept of the self-service pharmacy, with mass merchandising, high volume sales, and low prices." In the Canadian model of Shoppers Drug Mart, as in Israel, the individual branches are owned and run by "associates" who make most of the decisions at local branch level - and this is said to be the secret of the Canadian success. As in Israel, there is advertising both nationally and locally.

Here, Leon Koffler says, most of the stock purchasing is done at individual store level. But the Super-Pharm head office "consults" on marketing matters and works out some deals collectively. "We hope our suppliers see us as one name, one family," Koffler admits. Individual stores do their own sales promotions, which is why prices of the same item may differ from branch to branch of Super-Pharm. Customers do not always understand this, and often complain on this score.

SUPER-PHARM makes a sharp distinction between the drug department and what it calls "the front store." The drug section is generally located at the back of the store, and is directed and staffed only by pharmacists. Everything in this depart-



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ment has a fixed price by Ministry of Health regulation and no discounting is permitted. Koffler concedes that in Israel this is the only feasible arrangement. He says that because of the health fund system in Israel, with the non-Histadrut funds dispensing drugs through the private pharmacies, it would be virtually impossible to allow variations in price between pharmacies. (Some years ago, the Albia pharmacy in Jerusalem tried to pioneer the discounting of drug prices, but was defeated, and abandoned the idea.)

All pharmaceuticals sold in Israel, by law, must be kept behind the counter and dispensed by a pharmacist. In the English-speaking countries, over-the-counter drugs (known as OTCs) - those not requiring a doctor's prescription - can be sold on open shelves where the customer can pick them up, even at supermarkets. Super-Pharm would like to have this system permitted here. Argues Koffler, "I'm a believer in self-service OTCs. It's a waste of time for professional people to be giving out nose drops and aspirins. Here we have highly-paid pharmacists running around for things which don't require professional assistance. In small pharmacies, they hand out everything from tampons to toothpaste."

"Funnily enough," Koffler comments, "poisonous insecticides are sold openly on self-service pharmacy shelves, where Acamol tablets are not allowed."

When it comes to the "front store" at Super-Pharms, Koffler would like to see all restrictions lifted. "What we sell there should be nobody's business but ours," he declares. This is certainly not the case today. The Ministry of Health regulates what may and may not be sold in a pharmacy, and for this purpose, every square metre is considered a pharmacy. This means no soda fountains, no school supplies, no photographic films, no candy bars - or at least not officially.

Trouble is, there are a lot of "grey areas," where the Ministry of Health's lists are ambiguous. Baby food is permitted at pharmacies. Adult food is not - except that lately, the Ministry has become more lenient about things which are considered "health foods." Koffler welcomes this as a potentially big new field for the pharmacies. At the same time, he says the definitions are apt to be arbitrary. "What is really the difference between selling a granola bar and a hermetically sealed Kif-Kel wafer?" he asks. He said he could have better understood the limitations on foods in the old days when many foods in Israel were sold unhygienically without wrappers.

The turnover in "front store" merchandise in a typical Super-Pharm store tops the value of pharmaceutical sales, Koffler admits. In some Super-Pharms, he says, drug sales account for only about 30 per cent of total turnover; in others, the percentage may be as high as 50.

Pushing to the limits of Israeli law on what may be sold, Super-Pharm stores carry an impressive array of goods. One can find car safety seats for toddlers and a wide line of Fisher-Price and other quality toys for small children. (There is a maximum age limit on toys permissible in pharmacies.) Obviously there are the toiletries, hygienic aids, and cosmetics found in any pharmacy - only more of them. There is also a wide selection of household cleaning supplies and insecticides, which ordinary pharmacies carry in very limited numbers if at all.

As for prices of non-drug items, Super-Pharm's seem to be more or less comparable to those at supermarket chains. This means they are usually lower than those at the small old-fashioned pharmacies which tend to follow list prices. On the other hand, Super-Pharm does not attempt to compete with the rock-bottom prices at which one can find cleaning supplies, toiletries and cosmetics at the shops in and around the open-air markets.

When it comes to concepts of service, Super-Pharm has a lot to offer, particularly to those who yearn for more Western influence in our market-place. It would be fair to say that Super-Pharm is to the pharmacy scene what Super-Sol has been to the grocery trade - a pioneer in bringing the North American experience to the Middle East. Interestingly, both firms were established here by Canadians.

For example, Super-Pharm has a money-back guarantee policy for all merchandise - or so Koffler told me. Customers should be able to get their money back if they are displeased for any reason, he says. Another policy is that of the so-called "rain-check," to use a North American term: if there is a sale in progress and stocks run out, the store will guarantee to get the advertised sale item for the customer at a later date at the sale price. Super-Pharm branches accept payment in cash, by cheque, or with any major credit card. They do not, however, attempt to compete with the long-term credit plans currently offered by the supermarket chains.

Customers will appreciate the fact that Super-Pharm has reverted from the code-pricing system back to the old system of marking each individual product with its price. This should find favour with the Israel Consumer Council, which is campaigning for cancellation of code-pricing even in the supermarkets. Admittedly, Super-Pharm has fewer items to mark than a supermarket.

Most Super-Pharm stores keep 9 a.m.-9 p.m. non-stop business hours on weekdays - a practice

which irks some of its competitors. No branch has attempted 24-hour-a-day service, but most open on Saturday evenings. As for the Sabbath itself, a Super-Pharm is open only if it is on emergency roster duty - but the head office tells me that three branches (at Neve Amirim in Herzliya, at the Rav-Mecher mall on the coastal highway, and in Beer-sheva) are on "permanent Shabbat duty" because apparently there is no other pharmacy willing to do it in those areas.

Super-Pharm general manager Leon Koffler is confident that his way is the wave of the future. "We are pharmacies, no doubt about it - only we are bigger," he says. Just how big a Super-Pharm can be, at least for the present, is strictly controlled by a Ministry of Health regulation, adopted just a few years ago - "against Super-Pharm, to stop our growth." Koffler charges. A pharmacy may be 500 square metres, no more. That is the size of the largest Super-Pharm in Tel Aviv's Ramat Aviv quarter. The smallest is in Kfar Sava, under 120 square metres. Koffler would like all limits removed. In Canada, the largest store in the chain his family built up is 1,200 square metres - two-and-a-half times the largest Israeli Super-Pharm.

THERE ARE two professional associations of pharmacists in Israel, and at least one of them has serious reservations about the whole Super-Pharm concept. One organization is comprised of the pharmacists and assistant pharmacists who are salaried employees of the Histadrut's Kupat Holim, and they are presumably unperturbed by the Super-Pharm phenomenon.

The other body is the Pharmaceutical Association of Israel, comprised of some 400 independent, certified pharmacists who are owners of their own private pharmacies, representing virtually all those in the country. The Association is headed by Armand Berco, of the Yehudit Pharmacy in the Neve Sharret quarter of Tel Aviv.

Berco stresses that independent pharmacists in Israel are in a much more precarious situation than other pharmacists in the free world, because of the comprehensive scope of the health fund system here. With most of the population in the Histadrut Kupat Holim Klatit with its own pharmacy network (and even the Maccabi fund runs some pharmacies today), only about 12 per cent of the public is totally reliant on independent commercial pharmacies - supplemented by occasional purchases by Kupat Holim members who do not want to be bothered to see a doctor for every little need. In contrast, notes Berco, in the rest of the free world, 100 per cent of the population regularly obtains all drugs from commercial pharmacies (even where these are paid for by national health schemes or other health insurance plans). Hence, Israeli independent pharmacies must be more zealous in protecting their traditional turf.

An operation like Super-Pharm, charges Berco, "wants to drive us all out of business." A single Super-Pharm store is the size of four ordinary Israeli pharmacies. If not for the law (dating from the mid-1960s) forbidding a new pharmacy to open within 500 metres as the crow flies from any existing pharmacy, there would be attempts to open Super-Pharms directly in the territory of veteran pharmacies. Even today, he points out, a Haifa pharmacy has gone to the High Court of Justice for an injunction against the Ministry of Health for making an "exception

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which would permit a new Super-Pharm in the forthcoming Horev Centre mall in the Abuza area, although this is only some 350 metres from an existing pharmacy. A decision is pending.

On the other hand, Berco charges, an outfit such as Super-Pharm will set up businesses only where it is highly profitable - and will not provide pharmacies for outlying communities such as Kiryat Shmona. The concern for geographic distribution of independent pharmacies was one aim of the 500 metre regulation, as well as the desire to prevent unfair competition in any given neighbourhood. Berco says. Some veteran pharmacies are closer together than that, because the ruling was not retroactive. (Koffler counters that Super-Pharm "almost" opened in Katzin on the Golan, and says it is currently considering Beit Shemesh.)

The sharpest barb of all is Berco's contention that Super-Pharm pharmacists are not really masters of their own castles, but are in some form or other beholden to the Super-Pharm company financially - "otherwise, how could young graduate pharmacists afford to open establishments which must cost at least \$600,000 - \$800,000?" So far, however, no one has been able to prove any illegality in the Super-Pharm system - and Leon Koffler denies that there is any. He declined to answer my question as to whether Super-Pharm gives loans to pharmacists who open stores under its name.

Nevertheless, despite all his reservations, Berco says he originally welcomed Super-Pharm pharmacists as members of the Pharmaceutical Association of Israel (called in Hebrew, *Histadrut Harokhim b'Yisrael*). Subsequently, he reports, they were dropped from the association after their refusal to sign an undertaking to be faithful to the organization's by-laws, a signature required of all members.

Koffler tells me he is unaware that Super-Pharm pharmacists are no longer considered members of this body. He claims they never received any notification in writing of termination of membership, and, as far as he is concerned, they are still members. He says the dispute began over the Super-Pharm pharmacists' refusal to go along with a strike plan, when the pharmacists were quarrelling with the Maccabi sick fund some months ago. "I didn't come to Israel to strike such an essential service as pharmacies," declares Koffler, who settled here only five years ago. He hopes to patch up his differences with the association.

Berco, for his part, finds it hard to swallow the whole Super-Pharm approach. Nor does he think the super-pharmacy conception is good for the consumer either. "In a private pharmacy, you (i.e. the customer) are a name; the pharmacist knows you. In a chain, you are a number; the pharmacist works there in shifts and change every few hours."

That is not his way. He argues: "Either I am a pharmacist, or I am a supermarket. If they want to be supermarkets, so close the Pharm and become a Super."

THE OTHER DAY, I happened to wander into the Shor-Tabachnik Pharmacy at the intersection of King George and Dizengoff-streets in Tel Aviv, just opposite the Dizengoff Centre. It is modern and spacious - close to 100 square metres of sales area, mostly self-service. The main

difference in appearance from a Super-Pharm is that the pharmacy counter is at the front, not at the back. Its owner, Hagai Shor, is a member of the Pharmaceutical Association board.

Yet his pharmacy, too, sells a variety of goods not traditionally found in pharmacies here and which one would be hard-pressed to categorize as "health-related" - items such as fancy paper plates and matching table-cloths, decorated berets for women, leather wallets, sugared chewing gums, tins of imported hard candies in a variety of flavours. One of the Association's frequently-voiced charges against Super-Pharms is that, at one stage, they were selling chocolates - a practice that was halted on orders of the Ministry of Health. Personally, I find it rather hard to understand why chocolates should be taboo, when butterscotch candies, alongside the mentholated cough drops, are apparently kosher.

Shor-Tabachnik also offers many toiletry items at discount prices, in an obvious attempt to become competitive with the chain stores. It also carries a tempting selection of fancy soaps, perhaps under the influence of the soap specialty shop, Bubbles, across the way in Dizengoff Centre. Although this pharmacy carries a few health-food items, Hagai Shor is not very happy about these. "We want to keep the character of a pharmacy," he insists. "After all, if we sell bran and royal jelly, why not steak?"

In a more significant respect, Hagai Shor differs sharply from Koffler's Super-Pharm philosophy. Shor is adamant that all pharmaceuticals should remain behind the pharmacy counter, and he makes a good case for keeping OTCs off the open shelves. "If a customer asks me for an aspirin or an Alka-Seltzer, I ask right away, 'Do you suffer from ulcers or heartburn?' If the answer is positive, I recommend another type of drug." The exchange of just a few words between pharmacist and customer can make all the difference, he claims.

Of course, such exchanges between pharmacist and customer do not always occur. But they might not occur at all if over-the-counter drugs were sold on self-service shelves or even at supermarkets, as they are in North America.

PHARMACEUTICALS in the supermarkets? Never in Israel, you might be thinking. Well, think again.

None other than our largest supermarket chain, the Histadrut-affiliated Co-op Tel Aviv (which stretches from Hadera to Eilat) is considering the possible introduction of pharmacy departments in conjunction with the Histadrut Kupat Holim Kliaht. Confirming this, but stressing that it is in a very early stage of discussion, Co-op Tel Aviv's general manager Benny Gaon said the initiative came from Kupat Holim, which wants to modernize its image and stem the flow of younger potential members to other health insurance funds, such as the private Maccabi.

If Co-op supermarkets were to sell drugs, and this is still a big if, Gaon explains that its pharmacy departments would fill prescriptions only for members of Kupat Holim Kliaht. But he said that non-prescription drugs would be sold to any supermarket customer. Of course, given existing Israeli laws, over-the-counter drugs (aspirins and the like) would be kept firmly behind the counter and dispensed only by pharmacists. In the early stage, anyway...

MARTHA MEISELS

Symbol of courage



ABBA KOVNER is one of the chosen few whose life has become a symbol of our time and of the fate of our people. It is no easy thing to be a walking symbol. There is always the danger that the rich, spiritual implications will lose touch with their analogue, with the concrete actions that nurture the mystery of magnified meaning. It is a measure of Kovner's integrity and humility that he has not allowed this to happen. He is, first of all, rooted in real life: the real life of the ghetto and of the partisans in the forests; the real life of the Givati Brigade in the War of Independence and of the kibbutz where he makes his home; and the real life of the full span of Jewish history which Kovner has been recreating in Beth Hatefutsah in Tel Aviv.

I need not speak of his personal courage. This has been chronicled, although I suspect the full story has not yet been told. Kovner has the rare gifts of tact and discretion which are uncommon in flesh and blood symbols. But I would like to make mention of his courage as a poet, as a maker, who has been constantly innovative and daring.

When narrative poems were not much in fashion, he published a complex, dramatic sequence, *While Still There Is Light*, describing the life of the partisans in the forests and swamps. This came out in 1947 and to this day I remember the impact, the electrical charge of the episode in which the blowing up of a German train is cast in erotic terms, as a blood wedding, a nuptial of fire, a union that is expressed by the age-old Hebrew formula of oneness: *eh... aad!*

Four years later, in 1951, he published *The Key Sank* - a long sequence which, to my knowledge, is the most explicit, most outspoken expression of the terrible dilemma of the ghetto fighters, who knew they could not save the masses of the people because the masses were unwilling to read the signs of impending doom. This poem, written in Kovner's characteristic idiom - short, sharp, densely textured sections, fraught with mysterious flashes of symbolic import - ends on a very sombre note:

In the final account we were all defeated; the dead and the living.

This is the pole of despair in Kovner's work, which reappears, in various guises, over the years: *my wounds; they say; are healed. I lack nothing, nothing, but hope.*

But it is not a helpless, paralyzing despair. On the contrary: it is informed by the conviction - and I am quoting again from the partisan poem - that

a man must, yes, he must at the cost of his life, attain life's grace, if only this one time.

"This one time" has recurred more than once in the life of Abba

The poet Abba Kovner who died on Rosh Hashana, was last year awarded a citation by the Assembly of the State of New York. T. Carmi delivered the following lecture at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York on that occasion.

Kovner. Since its despair does not preclude action, it is not surprising to find the opposite pole as well, the pole of hope:

Now the flower that dried between the pages of the book returns, without a root to life.

Or, again, from the same 1965 volume:

On this morning (I say this to myself) even in the scorched forest, a bird is surely singing again.

The "scorched forest" is rarely absent from Kovner's poetry, even when it describes an idyllic day in the industrious kibbutz. If it is not in the foreground, it is between the lines, casting a long shadow over the most innocent of words. Much of Kovner's poetry is an attempt to answer a question which he formulates in *My Little Sister*, the dramatic sequence - perhaps his best known work - which is set in the convent, where Kovner hid for three months, disguised as a nun, before returning to the ghetto. And this is the question:

City. City. How mourn a city whose people are dead, whose dead are alive in the heart.

And the answer, like a frenetic needle, trembles from despair to hope, from submission to the tyranny of memory to a frantic call for release and relief.

Addressing the mysterious feminine figure that is omnipresent in his poetry - as sister, bride, daughter or mother, he writes:

Word-shadows! only your returning shadow

exists. My hands will never touch you. Your coffin never leaves my shoulders.

The obsessive memory weighs as heavily as a coffin. Words are nothing but a shadow, but her shadow is the only reality. This is the central paradox of Kovner's poetry. Only Time, the enemy of Never, can resolve this paradox. Thirty years after his partisan poem, Kovner writes:

Mother and father are beginning to die inside me.

Thirty years after their deaths in the storm they withdraw quietly from my rooms...

A living man must be on his own.

The living man in Kovner's poetry is torn between the imperative of memory and the erosion of time; between the holy mission of the witness and the painful attempt to see the present without intervening "shadows" and "scorched forests." Perhaps the most courageous expression of this conflict is found in the poem which describes an onslaught of figures from the past, demanding shelter and survival:

And how they rise... surround come near

flinch and stay in the curtain. And I, as you know, have nothing but one white page.

And how they swarm. With gaping mouths they tremble on a narrow pier. This is not land, I say, brothers...

The shades of the past besiege the speaker, clamouring for life in his life:

...if you weren't cast up as the land for our sakes who's the ark for? And you --

and how they stare. There's no sea,

I say to them; brothers -- no ship in my hands. No sign on my forehead...

Ghosts! You cursed ones, leave me alone!

Here, as elsewhere in Kovner's poetry, the desperate cry for release somehow evokes the reluctance of Moses to speak in the name of God as well as the initial rejection by Jeremiah of his prophetic mission.

It is a frustrating endeavour to describe, in the short time allotted to me, so rich and varied a body of work as Abba Kovner's. I would have liked to say more about *Farwell to the South*, the dramatic sequence published in 1949, in which two worlds - that of the burning ghetto and partisans' forests and that of the Israeli desert in the War of Independence - are fused into one powerful vision. I would have liked to dwell on Kovner's use, in his later books, of the colloquial idiom, on the wise humour and fierce irony that inform his poems of ordinary life - one wishes it were more ordinary - in Israel. But let me conclude with a quotation which is, I think, one of the possible emblems for his work:

what's the use of friends who watch from the galleries while our hearts struggle in the arena

and what's the sense of poets if we don't know how to ask.

(Most of the quotations are from *My Little Sister* and *Selected Poems*, translated by Shirley Kaufman, Field Translation Series.)

OF THE FIVE VOLUMES listed here, all thoughtfully conceived and tastefully designed, I find *Lyrics from Arabia* the most beguiling. It is also rather novel in conception. As Alghosabi so aptly reminds us in a brief preface entitled "A Few Prosaisic Words," in classical Arabic poetry the single line, *bayt*, plays such an important role within a poem that it can be considered "a semi-autonomous poem within the poem." Arabs, indeed, rarely admire whole poems; they usually admire, and fondly declaim, single lines.

Covering a period of nearly a millennium of Arab poetical tradition, the individual lines here collected represent almost all the known themes of the classical period. No claim is made for literal or word-for-word renderings, and the author admits that some of the lines were "molested," though none ravished. In several instances, however, I think he has erred on the side of brevity.

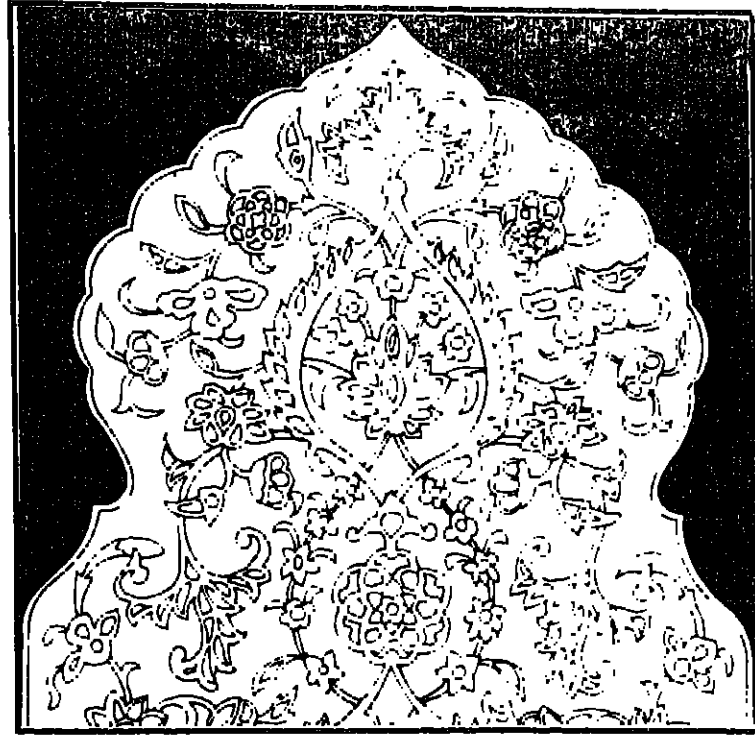
In Bashur ibn Burd's line, for example, here rendered "Tomorrow is a pregnant woman bearing an unknown baby," the whole point is almost missed. Bashur, addressing himself or his listener, opens the line with the word *tarj* meaning "You look forward to" or "wait expectantly for" tomorrow, when (tomorrow is a pregnant woman..." Again, in a line from Ibn Arrumi: ("She looks, the arrow penetrates. She turns away, the arrow is pulled out.") ignores the original intention which is that the arrow pulled out causes as much pain as its penetration.

But these are exceptions. A good sampling of the lines translated would include these: "We can melt steel but are easily melted by beautiful eyes;" "The dress cannot touch her waist, thanks to her breasts; or her back, thanks to her buttocks;" "I am never a slave - except to my guests;" "Sons of Adam! Let us together proclaim we are slaves of women;" and "Wealth has revealed in you an evil spirit hidden by poverty."

It is perhaps worth mentioning here that Alghosabi is the Minister of Industry and Electricity in the government of Saudi Arabia. Qazi Saleem, whose Urdu renderings I am in no position to read - let alone judge - is a member of the Indian parliament.

A FAR MEATIER DISH, *Arabic and Persian Poems in English* is also much more difficult to appraise in a few words. Pound has done well to provide two brief but separate introductions, "Arabic Poetry 500-1200 A.D." and "Persian Poetry 850-1900

A world in a line



LYRICS FROM ARABIA compiled, edited and translated into English by Ghazi A. Alghosabi, Urdu text from Arabic by Qazi Saleem. 108 pp.

ARABIC AND PERSIAN POEMS IN ENGLISH by Omar S. Pound. 123 pp.

THE PALESTINIAN WEDDING: A Bilingual Anthology of Contemporary Palestinian Resistance Poetry collected and translated by A.M. Elmessiri. 249 pp.

NAKED IN EXILE: Khalil Hawi's The Threshing Floors of Hunger with interpretation and translation by Adnan Haydar and Michael Beard. 208 pp.

THE WIND-DRIVEN REED AND OTHER POEMS by Fouzi El-Asmar. 81 pp.

All published by the Three Continents Press, Washington D.C. and available in the UK from Forest Books (20 Forest View, Chingford, London E4 7AY). No prices stated.

Nissim Rejman

few words. Pound has done well to provide two brief but separate introductions, "Arabic Poetry 500-1200 A.D." and "Persian Poetry 850-1900

consciously written as a contribution to resistance, or whether it was simply by a poet pledged to resist whatever there was to resist. Again, if the poem is good in itself and independently of its author's intention, there is no reason why it should be given any label at all.

In the case of *The Palestinian Wedding*, subtitled "A Bilingual Anthology of Contemporary Palestinian Resistance Poetry," I am convinced that none of the poems included would have lost any power or impact had the word "resistance" been discarded altogether. Unfortunately, however, Elmessiri - whose translations are on the whole surprisingly good - chooses in his zeal to go a little further and serve up the poems in groups under such general headings as "Aesthetics of the Revolution," "Love of Palestine," "Steadfastness," "Resistance," and "Victory." What makes this classification doubly superfluous is that most of the works selected are by poets of renown in the contemporary Arab world - Jabra Ibrahim Jabra, Fadwa Touqan, Tawfiq Sayegh, the late Rashid Hussein, Mahmud Darwish, Samih al-Qasbi, Salim Jubran, and Tawfiq Zayyad.

It is also interesting to note, in this connection, that the overwhelming majority of the poems selected are by Israeli Arabs, some of whom (Zayyad, Jubran al-Qasbi) live and work in Israel, while the others are self-exiled or, in the case of Rashid Hussein, dead.

Many of the poems are highly touching. "The bridge of return," by Zayyad, currently mayor of Nazareth, is short enough to be quoted in full:

"With my lashes, my loved ones, I'll pave the trail for your return. With my lashes I'll heal your wounds, and with my bare hands I'll gather the thorns along the trail. With my flesh I'll build the bridge for your return On both banks

Fouzi El-Asmar is one of the self-exiled Israelis, having left Israel in the early 1970's. Since then he has been very active, giving "hundreds of talks in major universities in the United States and Europe," working as chief Washington correspondent for the Saudi daily *al-Sharq al-Awsat*, writing pamphlets, publishing an autobiography and composing poems. Those included in *The Wind-Driven Reed*, like the rest of his verse, have nothing exciting to

recommend them. Some are given side by side with the Arabic originals, and neither originals nor renderings - done by the author with the help of Dr. George Kanzeleh and Dr. Uri Davis - in any way match the work of El-Asmar's contemporaries.

THE LEBANESE POET Khalil Hawi committed suicide in Beirut in June, 1982, at the age of 57. Neither the cause nor the exact date of the act has ever become known. According to the translators of *The Threshing Floors of Hunger*, however, Hawi took his own life "when the Israeli Army first crossed the border into Lebanon, on 6 June 1982." The evening he committed suicide, they further write, Hawi visited a poet friend, and "spoke repeatedly of the shame and the degradation which he felt at the time, of his revulsion at the experience of seeing his country invaded."

It is not easy to characterize Hawi's poetry, though some idea may be had from the titles of his collections: *The River of Ashes* (1957), *The Flute and the Wind* (1961), *The Threshing Floors of Hunger* (1965), *The Wounded Thunder* (1979).

The title, *Naked in Exile*, is extracted from a poem entitled "The Cave": "Slime strips my folded cave/Naked in its exile/And shall I call for one/Who may work wonders yet?" In another long poem, "Lazarus 1962," in a section entitled "A Slain Dragon," we meet images such as the following: "The desert of my thighs entwines the moans of a squirming sun submerged in stony gloom/the throes which plough my cloven length invade each longing fibre of my rooted cells."

And so on. It is worth noting that some Arab literary critics called "Lazarus 1962" prophetic, "an anticipation of the Arab defeat of 1967 which other poets dealt with retrospectively, as if Hawi had heard that note of despair before it sounded in fact," as Haydar and Beard report. Be that as it may, Hawi's style of writing and his many obscure allusions have engendered a great deal of commentary and interpretation. Hence the long introductions supplied by the two editors to the three long poems which comprise *The Threshing Floors* and the 10-page bibliography.

This said, however, Hawi remains one of the few eminent Arab poets of our time. No one interested in Modern Arabic literature will want to miss this book.

The other refugees

FOREVER MY JERUSALEM by Puah Shteiner. Jerusalem, Feldheim Publishers. 271 pp. Price not stated.

Leah Abramowitz

known educator and Tora scholar, has the gift of a born narrator.

The book's true-to-life, you-are-there descriptions are another source of its appeal. Along with the report on the games the girls played in the Batei Mahase Square, the structure of their tight little society and the residents' rich spiritual life, despite their poverty, there are incidents of harsh British police measures and unmitigated persecution.

The quiet, almost pastoral life led by the Jewish residents of the Old City came to an abrupt end once the British left. They were cut off from the New City and bombarded day and night. Somehow Shteiner's parents and neighbours had to con-

tinue living under battle conditions. Water had to be drawn from wells, food had to be acquired and cooked, the sick needed care and the dead required honourable burial.

Many lost hope that they would remain alive. In a very moving chapter, Puah's father takes his older girls, aged seven and eight, aside for an oral testament. He requests that they always remember their roots, look after their younger siblings and marry only Tora scholars.

When the Jewish Quarter was surrendered, there was a blessed pause as the bombardment stopped suddenly. However, the expulsion of the old people, women and children began immediately.

Puah's mother quickly packed their most precious belongings in bundles which proved too cumbersome for the children to carry. Arab mobs threatened the terrorized refugees along their way to Zion Gate. Legionnaires, even as they protected

the expelled Jews, tore their belongings out of their hands, and false rumours of massacres set the mob into a frenzy. Puah's mother and grandmother had to abandon the last of their packages - including precious diapers for the baby, Yehudaleh - to lift up the younger children and save them from being trampled.

THE LIFE of the destitute refugees in Katamon is also beautifully portrayed. They had lost everything, and their worry over the fate of the fathers and brothers taken into Jordanian captivity remained a constant torment. Yet they reorganized, found diapers for Yehudaleh, set up housekeeping anew (three times) in abandoned Arab villas, and still found time to be naive and curious about the things they found around them.

The wonder of the ornate furniture, the soft Persian rugs, a mysterious contraption that intrigued them endlessly and must have been a piano, and a real bathtub, was offset by the children's grave, Talmudic-like discussions about whether it was

permitted to pick fruit from the luxurious gardens since they belonged to others, even though the others were the enemy, or if one could plan return forages to the "palaces" on the Sabbath. Meanwhile, the adversities of war continued and, amidst continued bombardment, the refugees stripped the beautiful houses of everything, sometimes simply for firewood.

Eventually, short messages were received from the captives; schools were organized; the soup kitchen was replaced by individual housekeeping; shops opened and a new pattern of life developed and even took on an air of permanence. But Puah and her playmates never forgot their homes in the Jewish Quarter, the magnificent Hurva synagogue and the Kotel (Western Wall).

Forever My Jerusalem is a very human description of a historic period. It pulls at the heartstrings and is difficult to put down. It is, happily, also the story of a return, a coming full circle - which, during the 20th anniversary celebrations of Jerusalem's reunification, is very much on everyone's mind.

Tarnished tinsel

Charles Higham is probably licking his chops at the thought of grabbing a piece of the Rock; this prolific Hollywood biographer specializes in lurid exposés of the stars. His sensationalized book of Errol Flynn unconvincingly charges the actor with spying for the Nazis and sleeping with Tyrone Power. How surprising that the latest emission from his word processor Brando (NAL, \$18.95), is as tam-

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Thrillers

Why dying politicians should exercise anyone's intelligence is beyond me, but there it is. Everything is thrown in - the CIA, South American dictators, the Mossad, the PLO. There is lots of talk, not much action, and not too much sense in it all. But it's nice to visit New York again.

He would have to be naturalized of course, but I'm sure that (a) presents no difficulties to Shuckburgh whose religious persuasion might be described as Beit Agron-Cinema theque, and I'm sure he'll eventually find his way round (b) for at our age we already have one foot in the grave, so to speak.

Well, you have to look on the bright side; I doubt that there'll be any bedwetters in the top tier of noisy neighbours on either side beating carpets through all eternity.

...think, to worry about lack of space announced that, in order "to save room in an overcrowded world they would be spreading their activities to England. Calling themselves The Society for Perpendicular Immigration, their aim is to persuade bereaved families to bury their loved ones upright in cylindrical cardboard coffins.

A burning issue

"Mummy is become merchandise," Sir Thomas Browne complained three centuries ago. "Mix it cures wounds, and Pharaoh sold for balsams." He would scarcely have been surprised by the fi-

"For three days after death, hair and fingernails continue to grow," Johnny Carson explained, "but phone calls taper off."

IT PAINS ME, gentle reader, have to report that some criminal staff don't consider the work a complete dead loss, having found several dubious ways of augmenting income.

The British publisher had laid a funeral breakfast for the mourners after they'd returned from churchyard. Fortified by Australian burgundy, they soon turned it into regular rip-roaring wake which attracted the attention of a nosy neighbour. Spotting her coming up the drive, Leo's father, glancing in hand, protested, "Who is this trudging on our grief?"

There was nothing extraordinary about Bennett Cerf's last resting place. The publisher's ashes were well and truly scattered through the grounds of his Mount Kisco, N.Y., home—a singularly appropriate end, one might think, for the founder of Random House.

VOX POPULI

"This government . . . as a government for the management of internal concerns of this country is one of the worst that can be conceived, which is determined by the fact that it is a government not having a common feeling and common interest with the governed."

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